PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY FREDERICK HALL AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA & ANTONIO'S REVENGE BY JOHN MARSTON 1602

THE MALONE SOCIETY REPRINTS

This reprint of Antonio and Mellida and Antonio's Revenge (otherwise 1 & 2 Antonio and Mellida) has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

July 1922.

W. W. Greg.

The two plays here reprinted were thus entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company:

24° Octobris [1601]

Entred for their Copye vnder the handes of the wardens a booke called The mathew Lownes flyrst and second partes of the play called Anthonio and melida . . . vjd Thomas flyssher provided that he gett laufull licence for yt.

[Aiber's Transcript, III. 193.]

The following transfers are also found:

10 Aprilis 1627

Entred vnto him for his Copies by Consent of a full Court holden this day Thomas Lownes all the estate right title and Interest which Mathew Lownes his father deceased had in the Copies hereafter mencioned, saveing to euery man his and euerye of their rightes to them or anye of them.

Xiiijs

Vizt

[30 items including] His parte of Anthonie Melida

[Arber's Transcript, IV. 176.]

30 Maij 1627

[Arber's Transcript, IV. 180.]

6º Novembris 1628

[31 items including] His parte of Anthony and Melida./

[Arber's Transcript, IV. 205.]

6º Decembris 1630

Assigned ouer vnto him by order of a Court of the 4th of October last and Master Younge by the Consentes, of Master Cole and master latham All their estate right title and interest in the Copies hereafter menconed which were the Copies of master Humfrey Lownes. and assigned vnto them the said master Cole and master Latham, 5° [sie] Novembris. 1628 xiys [30 items including] Antony and Melida his part

Arber's Transcript, IV. 245.]

Apparently due licence was, in the first instance, obtained, for an edition appeared with the date 1602, the first part, Antonio and Mellida, as published by Mathew Lownes and Thomas Fisher jointly, the second, Antonio's Revenge, by Thomas Fisher alone, while each bore Fisher's halcyon device on the title-page. The books are quartos printed (badly in some respects) in the usual roman type of a body approximating to modern English (20 ll.=95 mm.), and appear from the ornaments to have come from the press of Richard Bradock. Copies are not uncommon and are found in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and the Dyce collection at South Kensington. The British Museum possesses two copies of the first part: in one (11773. c. 5) the outer bottom corner of B 4 is torn away, the other (643. c. 78) wants the title. The Museum and Bodleian copies have been collated throughout in preparing the present reprint, while the Dyce copy has been consulted on all points of uncertainty. A few differences have been discovered.

The plays again appeared as the first and second of John Marston's 'Works' in the octavo collection of 1633. This was an unintelligent stationer's reprint produced for William Sheares during the author's absence and apparently contrary to his wishes, for his name was later removed from the remaining portion of the stock. Copies are in the British Museum (e.g. 1077. b. 2 and 644. a. 23 for the two states) and elsewhere. It does not appear how Sheares acquired his interest in these plays.

The numbering of acts and scenes added in the margin of the present reprint follows Bullen's edition except in the last act of the second part, in which he accidentally marked two first scenes.

LIST OF VARIANT, DOUBTFUL, OR IRREGULAR READINGS.

The actual literal errors are not many, nor are the doubtful readings apart from punctuation, which is further treated in the final note. A few variants between different copies have been observed and are here included. Errors and corruptions are fairly frequent, but it has not been thought necessary to note irregularities previously recorded by Bullen. Certain variations of the 1633 edition which seemed of interest have been added, but no attempt has been made at a complete collation.

PART I.

```
Ded. 12 beau tie (there is a quite |
                                       869 fate (1633 fate—)
        indistinguishable mark be-
                                       885 take (1623 take —)
                                       886 amongmy
        tween u and t)
  22 I M.
                                       891 brith; (1633 birth;)
Text. 52 blinks (1633 blinds)
                                       924 despite (1633 in despight)
 134 cefure. (so BM'; BM2, Bodl.,
                                       969 passing passing (1633 passing)
        and Dyce read cefure:, and
                                       976 wine, (so 1633)
        1633 cenfure:)
                                       980-1 perfec-ction
                                      1008 that (1633 that-)
 140 then (so 1623)
 173 heathy (1633 heauy)
                                      1015 manlinesse (1633 manlinesse
 245 Heaues (1633 Heavens)
 293-4 Cor. nets
                                      1016 accourted (1623 courted)
                                      1036 Pree the (1633 Prthee)
 303 aud
                      — (1633 but
                                      1053 The (1633 The-)
 350 but-
                                      1087 as (so 1633)
 351 pree the (so 1633)
                                      1096 the the (1633 the)
 410 fwouned. (1633 fwounded.)
                                      1100 lip (so 1633)
 477 honour (1633 honour.)
                                           little (so 1633)
 600 a: (1633 a --:)
                                      1102 red (so 1633)
                                      1103 Fla. (1633 Bal.)
 602 offices (1633 offices.)
 603 Parasite (1633 Parasite.)
                                      1106 amiable (50 1633)
                                      1109 euer (1633 ever)
 604 to (1633 to--)
 606 fpurres (1633 fpurres.)
                                      1141 (the type of this line is some-
 634 for (1633 for ——)
                                              what loose, but BM' has the
 688 thought (original thought)
                                              correct divisions)
      wax (1633 was)
                                      1151 or (so 1633)
                                     1168 teares (1633 teares.)
 745 an faith, (so 1633)
 745-6 poin-|ting (1633 pain-|ting)
                                      1200 me me (1633 mee)
 787 my (1633 my—)
                                      1215 honour (1633 honours)
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1531 Will
1268 Holds (1632 Hold)
                                     1546 Ant:
12-1 from (1633 from--)
                                     1561 heart (so BM ; BM 2, Bodl.,
1273 beene (1633 beene ---
                                             Dyce, and 1633 read heart,)
1274 skinp (1633 skinp---)
                                     1569 vie (so BM : 1633 reads use
12-5 good (1633 good---)
                                             while BM2, Bodl., and Dyce
1287 lukes
1292 Affay 1633 Affay—)
                                             have vie:)
                                     1585-6 forehore | horse.
1316 fay (1633 fay-)
                                            (1633 fore-horse.)
1331 diuels last (but the space appa-
       rently fell out and the stended
                                     1595 2 (1633 2----)
                                     1596 him (1633 him.)
        to skift)
1336 and (1633 and —)
                                     1608 now (1633 now———)
1375 felfe:
                                     1620 you will (1633 thou wilt)
                                     1622 wodde. (1633 wood.)
1404 and (1633 and -)
                                     1689 price. (1633 prize.)
1410 but (1633 but -)
                                     1718 Ba. (the point is a quite indistin-
1435 on (1633 one)
1445 and (so 1633)
                                            guishable mark)
1454 baccio, (50 1633)
                                     1744 haue (1633 haue ------)
1455 defsio: (80 1633)
                                     1752 times; (perhaps times, as the
1456 puo lesser (so 1633)
                                            dot may well be accidental:
1457 pol effer (so 1633)
                                            1633 times;)
1461 pimpero (SO 1633)
                                     1756 fixt (1633 fixt—)
1462 cosempiterno (so 1633)
                                     1806 wete
                                     1888 my (1633 my——)
1464 trembls
1471 Sweect
                                     1896 Lord (1633 Lord----)
1495 was (1633 was ——)
                                     1898 Lord (1633 Lord ——)
                                     1900 being (1633 being ---
1502 2 (1633 2----)
1506 here, (apparently comma of smaller
                                     1940 father-(hyphen not quite certain:
       fount: 1633 here.)
                                            1633 father ----)
1512 father (1633 father—)
                                     1943 Speach- (1633 Speech.)
1520 popme. (1633 pompe.)
                                     1950 no (1633 no.)
1522 begins (1633 beginnes to)
                                    1962 c.w. Now (original N ow)
1526 compleat (1633 compleat—)
                                    1982 GEntlemen, (the E is broken
1528 prick (1633 prick—)
                                            and resembles F)
                              PART 2.
```

31 fcale- (1633 fcale.)
52 that (1633 that —)
60 ground: (50 1633)
61 reported (1633 reported —)
74 had (1633 had ——)
93 head (1633 me —)
93 head (1633 head—)
94 viii

	had (1633 had —)	731 prince (1633 Prince——)
113	it-(1633 it.)	744 cheeks (so 1633)
152	Madam (1633 Madam——)	746 Lord (1633 Lord——)
153	vouchsafe. (point not quite cer-	770 my (1633 my —)
	tain: 1633 vouchfafe,)	780 with (so 1633)
173	Tke	788 heart- (1633 heart.)
	as (1633 as ——)	800 heart, with (1633 heart from)
	Pandulpho Feliche	814 die- (1633 die.)
_	(1633 Pan- dulpho, Feliche,)	816 breaft- (1633 breft,)
234	eyes. (possibly eyes,)	824-9 as verse in 1633 divided
	Roy (1633 Roy.)	Tragædian, ftraines
268	parrs	you, wrongs,
312	Of (original Of)	thoughts doe.
	Ma- (hyphen not quite certain)	842 hand: eno (original hand:eno
353	to (1633 to ——)	probably for hande: no while
	Ramm't (1633 Pier. Ramm't)	1633 has hand: no)
	maine, (1633 maime,)	875 c.w. Ant
427	fwouned, (1633 fwounded,)	884 Piero- (1633 Piero.)
439	fhaIl	887 though (1633 though.)
	log-likedolts.	892 fulpect (1633 fulpect.)
456	comfort (1633 comfort —)	896 forget (so 1633)
463	heade- (1633 head.)	898 grace (1633 grace—)
464	canst- (1633 canst.)	907 lle
	we. (1633 we)	922 chok'tst (1633 choak'dst)
504	fiege (so BM: Bodl. and Dyce	927 remorfe (1633 remorfe ——
	read fiege; and 1633 fiege,)	928 He
505	liege; (so BM: Bodl., Dyce, and	931 importunate
	1633 read liege,)	(1633 importunate.)
535	my my (1633 thy thy)	970 Sbe
557	conclude (1633 conclude —)	983 Church- (1633 Church.)
565	vnderstands-	996 intellectt
	(1633 un- derstands.)	1000 bleffed
585	ffauifh	1011 reuenge- (1633 revenge.)
605	of (1633 of)	1047 panting (1633 panting——)
621	often (an I has dropped out before	1051 antri, (1633 antro,)
	this: 1633 I often)	1055 vos (1633 vos)
630	And I doe	1063 idle (1633 idle)
693	mortalitie- (1633 mortality.)	1065 Sepulcher, (1633 Sepulcher.)
711	and (1633 and—)	1102 budding (original budding)
727	greefull, (1633 griefefull,)	1114 wounds (1633 wounds —)

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1129 Ofvengeance
1161 father (1633 father-)
1167 kill- (1633 kill.)
1182 mght-crones (hyphen not quite
        (Prining)
118- pury (1633 putry)
1284 Hymniali (1633 Hymenæall)
1307 thinks
1335 affume (1633 affume ———)
1339 twhart (1633 thwart)
1346 to (1633 to ---)
1353 Macheueil, (1633 Macheveil,)
1354 is is (1633 is)
1367 capeable (1633 capable)
1389 and (1633 and —)
1423 Imaigin'd (1633 Imagin'd)
1434-5 most | most (1633 most)
1435 of of (1633 of)
1487 diuel; (so Dyce: BM and Bodl.
       read diuel,; sic and 1633
       deviil;)
1489 VVhich (1633 Which ———)
1496 breast (1633 breast,)
1497 die (1633 die.)
1505 about
1542 your (1633 your -----)
1582 not (1633 not ---
1601 to (1633 to----
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```
1611 Foole, (1633 Ba. Foole,)
1633 and (1633 and---)
1644 is (1633 is ----)
1670 will (an I has dropped out before
        this, the head being apparently
        still visible before the C of
        the next line: 1633 1 will)
1704 bosome- (1633 bosome.)
1708 twhart (1633 thwart)
1856 Exit (1633 Exit.)
1887 Florentine (1633 Florentine
1890 Venice (1633 Venice ----)
1942 Exit (1633 exit.)
1948 Of (cf. catch-word)
1971 vnprtiall
1973 that (1633 that----)
1976 haue. (1633 haue----)
1999 torc-bbearer.
2017 bodie (1633 body-----)
2040 to (1633 to.)
2048 blacke
2049 duugeon
2053 fnurling (1633 fnarling)
2064 Sonne (1633 Sonne.)
2155 then (1633 then____)
2182-3 vindictæ. | FINIS. (SO 1633)
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The printing of the 1602 edition is not in general bad except in the natter of punctuation, which gives a great deal of trouble in several ways. To begin with, the printer, especially towards the end of his task, used an istonishing collection of badly-cast or otherwise eccentric points. He had in particular something that looks at first sight like a small comma, but is almost certainly in fact a badly-cast full stop, and has been rendered as such in the reprint. Sometimes an ordinary round full stop appears a little aised: this peculiarity has been disregarded. At others it is very much aised, and has been printed as reversed. But besides the ordinary round top, the printer used a point which sometimes appears square and sometimes quite amorphous, raised to about in the position of a hyphen. This

has been rendered by a special point in this position, but no further notice has been taken of it. It appears to be always intended for a full point, and

was so treated in the reprint of 1633.

Further the plays contain a large number of interrupted speeches, and these were evidently as a rule left unpointed in the manuscript from which the original edition was printed. The compositor appears to have followed the manuscript. In one instance near the beginning indeed he used a very long rule to indicate the break, but usually he put no final point whatever, though he may in some cases have used a hyphen. It is all the more difficult to be certain as to his practice because he has undoubtedly in some cases used a hyphen by mistake for a full stop (for instance after a speaker's name) and moreover some of his hyphens are very badly cast, and tend to resemble his square point. It has been the endeavour of the foregoing list to record all instances of possibly broken speeches and to show in each case how they were rendered in the 1633 reprint.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in the order of their appearance in the play.

(Those marked * appear in the first part only, those marked † only in the second part.)

Antonio, son of Andrugio.
Piero Sforza, doge of Venice.

*Feliche,
Balurdo,
Alberto,

gentlemen about the Venetian court.

Castilio,

*Catzo, page to Castilio.

*DILDO, page to Balurdo. Mellida, daughter of Piero.

*Rossaline, niece of Piero.

*FLAVIA, a gentlewoman attendant on Mellida.

GALEATZO, son of the Duke of Florence.

MATZAGENTE, son of the Duke of Milan.

Andrugio, duke of Genoa.

Lucio, his friend and follower.

*a Page to Andrugio.

*a Painter.

†Gaspar Strotzo, confident of Piero.

†Maria, widow of Andrugio.

†Nutriche, her attendant.

†Pandulpho, father of Felice.

†two Pages.

†Julio, son of Piero.

two Senators of Venice.

Pages, attendants, a herald, waiting-women, a torch-bearer.

The superscription of a letter (1, l. 1035) gives Castilio's full name as Sig. Castillo Balthazar'. Lucio is written Luceo in some places in part 2. Strotzo frequently appears as Strozzo, a better spelling but contrary to the author's general practice. Nutriche is not, of course, a proper name, but is treated as such, and may point to some Italian source. Pandulpho, or Pandulfo, twice appears as Pandulpho Feliche (2, ll. 223, 579). The two Pages of 2, III. i dl. 973, 980, 982) belong to Piero's court; they appear as mutes in part 1 (ll. 220, 1682-3), while in part 2 at least four are required a together (2, l. 1821). The torch-bearer of 2, l. 1999 is presumably one of them. The page who enters with Castilio in 2, I. ii (I. 224) may be Catro; he does not speak. Similarly one of the mute waiting-women in 2. IV. i (1. 1468) is presumably Flavia, but she is not named. Feliche appears in part 2 apparently as a corpse only (though Bullen makes him a ghost), at any rate he has no part. Andrugio only appears in part 2 as a ghost. Castilio, Catzo, and Dildo enter at ll. 220-1, but speak first at ll. 541, 472, and 469 respectively (where there is some confusion as to mastership). Galeatzo and Matzagente appear at ll. 292 and 314, in 1, I. i, but speak only in the following act at Il. 669 and 662 respectively. Andrugio's page presumably enters at 1. 1278, but is first mentioned at 1. 1386: he evidently sings at 1. 1411, and no doubt the speech beginning without prefix at 1. 1474. is his; otherwise he only speaks 1. 1558 (which evidently belongs to him and not to Dildo, who really leaves the stage at l. 1529).

At 1, 1. 1278, the direction reads: 'Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Norwod.' The last two names can hardly be anything but those of actors, though none so called are otherwise known. It does not follow that they played the parts of Andrugio and Lucio—probably not, since the page and

possibly another attendant enter with them.

The collotype reproductions of Antonio and Mellida (A 1 and A 3 rectos) are from the Bodleian copy, those of Antonio's Revenge (A 1 and A 2 rectos) from that in the British Museum.

THE HISTORY OF

Antonio and

Mellida,

The first part:

As it hath beene sundry times acted, by the children of Paules.

Written by I. M.



LONDON

Printed for Mathewe Lownes, and Thomas Fisher, and are to be foulde in Saint Dunstans Church-yarde.

1602.

The Play called Antonio and Mellida Induction.

Tenter Galeatzo, Piero, Alberto, Antonio, Forobofco, Balurdo Matzagente, & Feliche, with parasin their hands: haning cloakes cast oner their apparell.

Ome firs, come: the musique will sounde Are yeereadie, are

bee perfecte

If Pier Faith, we can fay our parts: but wee areignorant in what mould we must cast our Actors. Albert. Whome doe you personate?

Ric. Piero Duke of Venice.

All. O. ho: then thus frame your exterior shape;

To hautie forme of clate maiestic;

As if you held the palfey shaking head

Ofreeling chaunce, under your forrunes beit;

In Reicht vallalagesgrowe big in thought,

As wolne with glory of fuccesfullarmes. Pie. If that be all, feare not, le suce it right.

Who can not be proud, stroak up the haire, and itrust:

Truthsfuch ranke custome is growne populary. And now the yulgar fashion strides as wide.

And stalkes as proud, vpon the weakest stiles.

Of the flight ft fortunes, as if Hercules,

Or burly Atles shouldred up their state;

Good: but whome act your

All. The necellitie of the play forceth me to adetwo pares, Andrugio, the distressed Duke of Genea, and Alberto, a Venetian gentleman, chamoured on the Ladie Roffalijne; whose sommer being too weake to take taine the port of her, he proud alwaies defailsous in Loue: his worth being much vnderpoised by the vne-A.2 FICUE

ANTONIOS keuenge.

The second part.

As it hath beene sundry times alted, by the children of Paules.

Written by I. M.

a



T Printed for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde in Saint Dunstans Church-yarde.



Antonios Reuenge.

The second part of the Historie of Antonio and Mellida.

The Protogue.

HE rawish danke of clumzie winger ramps The fluent summers value and drizing sleete Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numdearth, Whilft fnarling gusts nibble the inyceles leaves, From the nak't shuddring branch, and pils the skinne From off the foft and delicate aspectes, O, now, me thinks, a fullen tragick Sceane Would fuite the time, with pleasing congruence. May we be happie in our weake deuoyer, And all parte pleafd in most wisht content: But sweate of Hercules can nere beget So bleft an issue. Therefore we proclaime, If any spirit breathes within this sound. Vncapable of waightie pathon (As from his birth, being hugged in the armes, And nuzzled twixt the breaftes of happinesse) Who

THE HISTORY OF Antonio and

Mellida.

The first part.

As it hath beene fundry times acted, by the children of Paules.

Written by I. M.



LONDON

¶ Printed for Mathewe Lownes, and Thomas Fisher, and are to be foulde in Saint Dunstans Church-yarde.

1602.



To the onely rewarder, and most iust poiser of vertuous merits, the most honorably renowned No-body, bountious Mecanas of Poetry, and Lord Protector of oppressed innocence,

Do, Dedicoque.

IN CE it hath flow'd with the current of my humorous bloode, to affect (a little too much) to be seriously fantasticall: here take (most respected Patron) the worthlesse present of my slighter idlenes. If you vouchsaf not his protection then, 0 thou sweetest perfection (Female beau tie) shield mee from the stopping of vineger bottles. Which most wished fauour if it faile me; then, Si nequeo flectere superos, Acheronta mouebo. But yet, Honours redeemer, vertues advancer, religions shelter, and pieties fosterer, Yet, yet I faint not in despaire of thy gratious affection of protection: to which I onely shall ever rest most serving manlike, obsequiously making legs, and standing (after our free-borne English garbe) bare headed.

Thy onely affied flaue, and admirer, I M.

The Play called Antonio and Mellida.

Induction.

Ind.

ΙO

¶ Enter Galeatzo, Piero, Alberto, Antonio, Forobosco, Balurdo, Matzagente, & Feliche, with parts in their hands: having cloakes cast over their apparell.

Ome firs, come: the musique will founde straight for entrance. Are yee readie, are yee perfect?

Pier. Faith, we can fay our parts: but wee are ignorant in what mould we must cast our Actors. Albert. Whome doe you personate?

Pie. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O, ho: then thus frame your exterior shape, To hautie forme of elate maiestie; As if you held the palfey shaking head Of reeling chaunce, vnder your fortunes belt, In strictest vassalage: growe big in thought, As fwolne with glory of fuccesfull armes.

Pie. If that be all, feare not, Ile fute it right. Who can not be proud, stroak vp the haire, and strut!

Al. Truth: fuch ranke custome is growne popular; 20 And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide, And stalkes as proud, vpon the weakest stilts Of the flight'st fortunes, as if Hercules, Or burly Atlas shouldred up their state.

Pi. Good: but whome act you?

Alb. The necessitie of the play forceth me to act two parts; Andrugio, the distressed Duke of Genoa, and Alberto, a Venetian gentleman, enamoured on the Ladie Rossaline: whose fortunes being too weake to suftaine the port of her, he prou'd alwaies defastrous in 30 loue: his worth being much vnderpoifed by the vne-

The first part of

uen scale, that currants all thinges by the outwarde stamp of opinio. Gal. Wel, and what dost thou play?

Ba. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Bal. The foole. I in good deede law now, I play Balurdo, a wealthie mountbanking Burgomasco's heire of Venice.

Alb. Ha, ha: one, whose foppish nature might seem great, only for wise mens recreation; and, like a Iuice-40 lesse barke, to preserve the sap of more strenuous spirits. A servile hounde, that loves the sent of forerunning sashion, like an emptie hollow vault, still giving an eccho to wit: greedily champing what any other well valued iudgement had before hand shew'd.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha: tolerably good, good faith sweet wag. Alb. Vmh, why tolerably good, good faith sweet wag?

Go, goe; you flatter me.

Foro. Right, I but dispose my speach to the habit of my part. Alb. Why, what plaies he? To Feliche.

Fe. The wolfe, that eats into the breast of Princes; that breeds the Lethargy and falling sicknesse in honour; makes Instice looke asquint, and blinks the eye of merited rewarde from viewing desertful vertue.

Alb. Whats all this Periphrafis? ha?

Fe. The fubstance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O, doth he play Forobosco, the Parasite? Good is faith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight in outward semblance, as a Ladies buske; though inwardly, as crosse as a paire of Tailors legs: having a 60 tongue as nimble as his needle, with seruile patches of glauering slattery, to stitch up the bracks of unworthisly honourd.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fo. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee prooue the very Perewig to couer the balde pate of brainelesse gentilitie.

Ho, I will so tickle the sense of bella gratiosa madonna, with the titillation of Hyperbolical praise, that Ile

strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Fel. Thou promifest more, than I hope any Spectator gives faith of performance: but why looke you so duskie? ha?

To Antonio.

Ant. I was neuer worse fitted since the natiuitie of my Actorshippe: I shalt be hist at, on my life now.

Fel. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an Hermaphrodite; two parts in one: my true person being Antonio, son to the Duke of Genoa; though for the loue of Mellida, Pieros daughter, I take this sained presence of an Amazon, calling my selfe Florizell, and I know not what. I a voice to play a lady! I shall nere doe it.

Al. O, an Amazon should have such a voice, viragolike. Not play two parts in one? away, away: tis common fashion. Nay if you cannot bear two subtle frots vnder one hood, Ideot goe by, goe by; off this worlds

stage. O times impuritie!

An. I, but whe vie hath taught me actio, to hit the right point of a Ladies part, I shall growe ignorant when I must turne young Prince againe, how but to truste my hose.

(breaches still.

Fe. Tush neuer put them off: for women weare the Mat. By the bright honour of a Millanoise, and the resplendent fulgor of this steele, I will defende the feminine to death; and ding his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares disulge a Ladies presidece. Exit Ant. & Al.

Fel.

The first part of

Fel. Rampum scrampum, mount tuftie Tamburlaine. What rattling thunderclappe breakes from his lips?

Alb. O, 'tis native to his part. For, acting a moderne Bragadoch vnder the person of Matzagente, the Duke of Millaines sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fa-100 shion of coherence.

Pie. Butmethinks he speakes with a spruce Attick ac-

cent of adulterate Spanish.

Al. So 'tis refolu'd. For, Millane being halfe Spanish, halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chifest houses, is corrupt and mungrel'd: so that you shal see a fellow vaine-glorious, for a Spaniard; gluttonous, for a Dutchman; proud, for an Italian; and a fantastick Ideot, for all. Such a one conceipt this Matzagente.

Fe. But I have a part allotted mee, which I have nei-110 ther able apprehension to conceipt, nor what I conceipt gratious abilitie to vtter. (of thy spirit.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut? good shew vs a draught Fel. Tis steddie, and must seeme so impregnably fortrest with his own cotent, that no enuious thought could euer inuade his spirit: neuer surueying any man so vnmeasuredly happie, whome I thought not justly hatefull for some true impouerishment: neuer beholding any fauour of Madam Felicity gracing another, which his well bounded content perswaded not to 120 hang in the front of his owne fortune: and therefore as farre from enuying any man, as he valued all men infinitely distant from accomplisht beatitude. These natiue adjuncts appropriate to me the name of Feliche. But last, good thy humour. Exit Alb. A. Tis to be describ'd by fignes & tokens. For vnlesse I were possest with a legio of spirits, its impossible to be

made per-

Antonio and Mellida.

perspicuous by any vtterance: For sometimes he must take austere state, as for the person of Galeatzo, the sonne of the duke of Florence, & possesse popularitie in distance, and on the sudden sling his honour so prodigally into a common Arme, that hee may seeme to give vp his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar cesure. Now as solemne as a travailer, and as grave as a Puritanes russe: with the same breath as slight and scatterd in his fashion as as as a any thing. Now, as sweet and neat as a Barbours casting-bottle; straight as slovenly as the yeasty breast of an Ale-knight: now, lamenting: then chasing: straight laughing: then

Feli. What then?

Anto. Faith I know not what: 'tad bene a right part for Proteus or Gew: ho, blinde Gew would ha don't rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not possible to limme so many persons in so small a tablet as the compasse of our playes

afford.

Anto. Right: therefore I have heard that those perfons, as he & you Feliche, that are but slightly drawen in this Comedie, should receive more exact accomplishment in a second Part: which, if this obtaine gratious acceptance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue, cleare the

Stage.

Exeunt.

В

The

The first Parte of

¶ The Prologue.

Prol.

THE wreath of pleasure, and delicious sweetes, Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope: Select, and most respected Auditours, For wits fake doe not dreame of miracles. 160 Alas, we shall but falter, if you lay The least sad waight of an vnused hope, Vpon our weakenesse: onely we give vp The woorthlesse present of slight idlenesse, To your authentick cenfure; O that our Muse Had those abstruct and synowy faculties, That with a straine of fresh invention She might presse out the raritie of Art; The pur'st elixed ioyce of rich conceipt, In your attentiue eares; that with the lip 170 Of gratious elocution, we might drinke A found carouse vnto your health of wit. But O, the heathy drynesse of her braine, Foyle to your fertile spirits, is asham'd To breath her blushing numbers to such eares: Yet (most ingenious) deigne to vaile our wants; With fleeke acceptance, polish these rude Sceanes: And if our flightnesse your large hope beguiles. Check not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles. Exit Prologue. т80

ACT.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

¶ The Cornets found a battle within.

¶ Enter Antonio, disguised like an Amazon.

An. FIEART, wilt not break! & thou abhorred life Wilt thou still breath in my enraged bloud? Vaines, fynewes, arteries, why crack yee not? Burst and dinul'st, with anguish of my griefe. Can man by no meanes creepe out of himselfe, And leave the flough of viperous griefe behinde? Antonio, halt thou seene a fight at sea, 190 As horrid as the hideous day of doome; Betwixt thy father, duke of Genoa, And proud Piero, the Venetian Prince? In which the fea hath fwolne with Genoas bloud, And made fpring tydes with the warme reeking gore, That gusht from out our Gallies scupper holes; In which, thy father, poore Andrugio, Lyes funk, or leapt into the armes of chaunce, Choakt with the laboring Oceans brackish fome; Who even, despite *Pieros* cancred hate, 200 VVould with an armed hand have feiz'd thy love, And linkt thee to the beautious Mellida. Haue I outlin'd the death of all these hopes? Haue I felt anguish pourd into my heart, Burning like Balfamum in tender wounds; And yet dost liue! could not the fretting fea Haue rowl'd me vp in wrinkles of his browe?

B 2

Is

I. i

The first Parte of

VVhy then: O me Celitum excelfisimum! The intestine malice, and inueterate hate I alwaies bore to that Andrugio, Glories in triumph ore his mifery: 270 Nor shall that carpet-boy Antonio Match with my daughter, fweet cheekt Mellida. No, the publick power makes my faction strong. Fel. Ill, when publick power stregthneth private wrog. Pie. Tis horse-like, not for man, to know his force. Fel. Tis god-like, for a man to feele remorfe. Pie. Pish, I prosecute my families reuenge, VVhich Ile pursue with such a burning chace Till I haue dri'd vp all Andrugios bloud; VVeake rage, that with flight pittie is withstoode. 280 ¶ The Cornets sound a florish. VVhat meanes that fresh triumphall florish sound? Alb. The prince of Millane, and young Florence heir Approach to gratulate your victorie. Pie. VVeele girt them with an ample waste of loue; Conduct them to our presence royally. Let vollies of the great Artillery From of our gallies banks play prodigall, And foud lowd welcome fro their bellowing mouths. Exit Piero tantùm. 290 ¶ The Cornets found a Cynet. Enter aboue, Mellida, Roffaline and Flauia: Enter belowe, Galeatzo with attendants: Piero meeteth him, embraceth; at which the Cor. nets sound a florish: Piero and Galeatzo exeunt: the rest stand still. (thers guard? Mell. VVhat prince was that passed through my fa-Fla.

Antonio and Mellida.

Antonio and Mellida.

She comes: fmile heaven, and foftest Southern winde	
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.	
She comes: Creations puritie, admir'd,	
	360
O now Antonio presse thy spirit forth	
In following passion, knit thy senses close,	
Heape vp thy powers, double all thy man:	
¶ Enter Mellida, Rossaline, and Flauia.	
She comes. O how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!	
Mount bloode, foule to my lips, tast Hebes cup:	
Stand firme on decke, when beauties close fight's vp.	
Mel. Ladie, your strange habit doth beget	
Our pregnant thoughts, euen great of much desire,	
To be acquaint with your condition.	370
Roffa. Good sweete Lady, without more ceremonies,	
What country claims your birth, & fweet your name?	
Anto. In hope your bountie will extend it felfe,	
In selfe same nature of faire curtesie,	
Ile shunne all nicenesse; my nam's Florizell,	
My country Scythia, I am Amazon,	
Cast on this shore by furie of the sea. (names.	
Ross. Nay faith, sweete creature, weele not vaile our	
It pleas'd the Font to dip me Rossaline:	
That Ladie beares the name of Mellida,	380
The duke of Venice daughter.	•
Anto. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,	
By imposition of a now dead man.	
To Mellida kissing her hand.	
Rossa. Now by my troth, I long beyond all thought,	
To know the man; fweet beauty deigne his name.	
C. Anto. I adv	

The first part of

Anto. Ladie, the circumstance is tedious. Ros. Troth not a whit; good faire, lets have it all: I love not, I, to have a jot left out, If the tale come from a lou'd Orator. 390 Anto. Vouchsafe me then your hush't observances. Vehement in pursuite of strange nouelties, After long trauaile through the Asian maine, I shipt my hopefull thoughts for Britany; Longing to viewe great natures miracle, The glorie of our fex, whose fame doth strike Remotest eares with adoration. Sayling fome two monthes with inconstant winds, We view'd the glistering Venetian forts; To which we made: when loe, some three leagues off, 400 We might descry a horred spectacle: The issue of black fury strow'd the sea, With tattered carcasses of splitted ships, Halfe finking, burning, floating, topfie turuie. Not farre from these sad ruines of fell rage, We might behold a creature presse the waves; Senseleise he sprauld, all notcht with gaping wounds: To him we made, and (short) we tooke him vp: The first word that he spake was, Mellida; And then he fwouned. 410 Mell. Aye me! Anto. Why figh you, faire? Ress. Nothing but little humours: good sweet, on. Anto. His wounds being drest, and life recoursed, We gan discourse; when loe, the sea grewe mad, His bowels rumbling with winde paffion,

Straight

Antonio and Mellida.

Straight swarthy darknesse popt out Phæbus eye,	
And blurd the iocund face of bright cheekt day;	
Whilit crudl'd fogges masked euen darknesse brow:	
Heauen bad's good night, and the rocks gron'd	420
At the intestine vprore of the maine.	
Now gustie slawes strook vp the very heeles	
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot	
Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre:	
Straight chops a wave, and in his sliftred panch	
Downe fals our ship, and there he breaks his neck:	
Which in an instant vp was belkt againe.	
VVhen thus this martyrd foule began to figh;	
Giue me your hand (quoth he) now doe you graspe))
Th'vnequall mirrour of ragg'd mifery:	» ₄₃₀
Is't not a horrid storme? O, well shap't sweete, (wouds,	? ?
Could your quicke eye strike through these gashed	"
You should beholde a heart, a heart, faire creature,	"
Raging more wilde then is this franticke fea.))
VVolt doe me a fauour, if thou chance furuiue?))
But visit Venice, kisse the pretious white))
Of my most; nay all all Epithites are base	22
To attribute to gratious Mellida:	22
Tell her the spirit of Antonio))
VVisheth his last gaspe breath'd vpon her breast.	²⁷ 440
Ros. VVhy weepes foft hearted Florisell?	
Ant. Alas, the flintie rocks ground at his plaints.	
Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate fire	
Hath crackt his bosome; therewithall he wept,	
And thus figh't on. The fea is merciful;	
Looke how it gapes to bury all my griefe:	
C2 VVell	_

Well, thou shalt have it, thou shalt be his toumbe: My faith in my loue liue; in thee, dy woe, Dye vnmatcht anguish, dye Antonio: With that he totterd from the reeling decke, And downe he funke.

450

460

Roff. Pleafures bodie, what makes my Lady weepe? Mell. Nothing, fweet Roffaline, but the ayer's sharpe.

My fathers Palace, Madam, will be proud To entertaine your presence, if youle daine

To make repose within. Ave me!

Ant. Ladie our fashion is not curious.

Ross. Faith all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mell. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last, What fuccour came, or what strange fate insew'd?

Ant. Most willingly: but this same court is vast,

And publike to the staring multitude.

Rolla. Sweet Lady, nay good fweet, now by my troth VVeele be bedfellowes: durt on complement froth.

Exeunt; Rossaline giving Antonio the way.

ACTVS SECVNDVS. 11.5

¶ Enter Catzo (with a Capon) eating, Dildo following him.

Dil. HAH Catzo, your master wants a cleane trencher: doe you heare? 470

Balurdo cals for your diminutiue attendance.

Catz. The belly hath no eares Dildo.

Dil. Good pugge give me fome capon.

Catz. No.

Catz. No capon, no not a bitte yee fmooth bully; capon's no meat for Dildo: milke, milke, yee glibbery vrchin, is foode for infants.

Dil. Vpon mine honour

Cat. Your honour with a paugh? slid, nowevery Iack an Apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour; every Asse puts on the Lyons skinne and roars 480 his honour, vpon your honour. By my Ladies pantable, I feare I shall live to heare a Vintners boy cry; tis rich neat Canary, vpon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's vp.

Cat. I think thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of furie is lighted, fastned to the linflock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touchhole of intemperance, discharging the double couluering of my incensement in the face of thy opprobrious speach.

Cat. Ilestop the barrell thus; god Dildo, set not fire to

the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I wil eate to the health of the foole thy master Castilio.

Cat. And I will fuck the juyce of the capon, to the

health of the Idiot thy master Balurdo.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of Rapiers shea-

thed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right dutch blades. But was't not rare fport at the fea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roard from 500 the ship sides, to viewe our masters pluck their plumes and droppe their feathers, for feare of being men of marke.

C 3 Dil. Slud

Dill. Slud (cri'd Signior Balurdo) O for Don Bessiclers armour, in the Mirror of Knighthood: what coil's here? O for an armour, Canon proofe: O, more cable, more fetherbeds, more fetherbeds, more cable, till hee had as much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

¶ Enter Flauia in haste, with a rebato.

510

Catz. Buxome Flauia: can you fing? fong, fong.

Fla. My fweete Dildo, I am not for you at this time: Madam Roffaline stayes for a fresh russe to appeare in the presence: sweete away.

Dil. Twill not be so put off, delicate, delicious, spark eyed, sleek skind, sleder wasted, clean legd, rarely shap't.

Fla. VVho, Ile be at all your service another season:

nay faith ther's reason in all things.

Dil. VVould I were reason then, that I might be in

all things.

Cat. The breefe and the femiquauer is, wee must 520 haue the descant you made vpon our names, ere you depart.

Fla. Faith, the fong will feeme to come off hardly. Catz. Troth not a whit, if you feeme to come off quickly.

Fla. Peart Catzo, knock it luftily then.

CANTANT.

¶ Enter Forobosco, with two torches: Castilio singing fantastically: Rossaline running a Caranto pase, and Balurdo: Feliche following, wondring at them all.

Foro. Make place gentlemen; pages, hold torches,

the prince approacheth the presence.

Dill. VVhat fqueaking cart-wheel haue we here? ha?
Make

Make place gentlemen, pages holde torches, the prince approacheth the prefence.

Rof. Faugh, what a strong sent's here, some bodie

540

vseth to weare focks.

Bal. By this faire candle light, tis not my feete, I neuer wore focks fince I fuckt pappe.

Ross. Sauourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galles off the skinne with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse: by sweetenesse, she is the very Pallas that slewe out of Iupiters brainepan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee your service: by the puritie of bounty, I shall be proud of such bondage.

Ross. I vouchsafe it; be my slaue. Signior Balurdo, wilt

thou be my feruant too?

Ba. O god: forfooth in very good earnest, law, you wold make me as a man should fay, as a man should fay.

Fe. Sludsweet beauty, will you deign him your service?

Ros. O, your foole is your only servant. But good Feliche why art thou so sad? a pennie for thy thought, ma.

Feli. I fell not my thought fo cheap: I valewe my

meditation at a higher rate.

Ball. In good fober fadnesse, sweet mistris, you should have had my thought for a penny: by this crimson Satten that cost eleven shillings, thirteene pence, three pence, halfe pennie a yard, that you should, law.

Ros. VVhat was thy thought, good feruant?

Ba. Marrieforfooth, hove manie strike of peafe would feed a hog fat against Christide. (sence.

Ro. Paugh; feruant rub outmy rheum, it soiles the pre-C4 Cast. By

Casti. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shoo with an vnmeasured honour: I will preserve the soale of it, as a most facred relique, for this service.

Reff. Ile spit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to grace

thee.

Felich. O that the stomack of this queasie age Digestes, or brookes such raw vnseasoned gobs, And vomits not them forth! O slauish sots. Seruant quoth you? faugh: if a dogge should craue And beg her seruice, he should have it straight: Sheed give him favours too; to lick her feete, Or fetch her sanne, or some such drudgery: A good dogs office, which these amorists Tryumph of: tis rare, well give her more Asse, More sot, as long as dropping of her nose Is sworne rich pearle by such low slaues as those.

Roff. Flauia, attend me to attire me.

Exit Roffaline and Flauia.

Balur. In fad good earnest, fir, you have toucht the very bare of naked truth; my filk stocking hath a good glosse, and I thanke my planets, my legge is not altogether vnpropitiously shap't. There's a word: vnpropitiously? I thinke I shall speake vnpropitiously as well as any courtier in *Italy*.

Foro. So helpe me your fweete bounty, you have the most gracefull presence, applasive elecuty, amazing volubility, polisht adornation, delicious affabilitie. 590

Fel. Whop: fut how he tickles you trout vnder the gilles! you shall see him take him by and by, with groping flattery.

Foro. That

570

Foro. That ever rauisht the eare of wonder. By your sweete selfe, then whome I knowe not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, ador'd, observed, pretious, reall, magnanimous, boûtious: if you have an idle rich cast ierkin, or so, it shall not be cast away, if; hah? heres a foreheade, an eye, a heade, a haire, that would make a: or if you have a-600 ny spare paire of silver spurs, ile doe you as much right in all kinde offices

Fel. Of a kinde Parasite

Foro. As any of my meane fortunes shall be able to Balur. As I am true Christian now, thou hast wonne the spurres

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian louse; A rotten maggot, that lives by stinking filth Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs, That sprout by gnawing senselesse carion.

610

¶ Enter Alberto.

Alb. Gallants, faw you my mistresse, the Ladie Rosfaline?

Foro. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, left the prefence euen now.

Cafti. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gratious aspect euen now.

Balur. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gratious aspect euen now.

Felich. Well faid eccho.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, and your mistresse, & the dogs mistresse: pretious dear heaven, that

Alberto liues, to have fuch riuals.

Slid, I have bin fearching every private rome, Corner, and fecret angle of the court:

And yet, and yet, and yet she liues conceal'd.

Good sweete Feliche, tell me how to finde

My bright fac't mistresse out.

Fel. Why man, cry out for lanthorne and candle-63c light. For tis your onely way, to finde your bright flaming wench, with your light burning torch: for most commonly, these light creatures liue in darknesse.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for

Fel. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the fent of your mistresse shooe; away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, aduance your

lightes:

The Princesse makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good deede, 640 law, you shal see me tickle the measures for the heaues. Doe my hangers showe?

¶ Enter Piero, Antonio, Mellida, Rossaline, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Alberto, and Flauia. As they enter, Feliche, & Castilio make a ranke for the Duke to passe through. Forobosco whers the Duke to his state: then whilst Piero speaketh his sirst speach, Mellida is taken by Galeatzo and Matzagente, to daunce; they supporting her: Rossaline, in like maner, by Alberto and Balurdo: Flauia, by Feliche and Castilio.

Pier. Beauti-

Pie. Beautious Amazon, fit, and feat your thoughts In the reposure of most soft content.

Sound musick there. Nay daughter, cleare your eyes, From these dull sogs of mistie discontent:

Look sprightly girl. What? though Antonio's droun'd, That peeuish dotard on thy excellence, That hated issue of Andrugio:

Yet maist thou tryumph in my victories; Since, loe, the high borne bloodes of Italy Sue for thy seate of loue.

Let musique sound.

Beautie and youth run descant on loues ground.

Matz. Ladie, erect your gratious summetry:

Shine in the spheare of sweete affection: Your eye as heauie, as the heart of night.

Mell. My thoughts are as black as your bearde, my fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs; and all the powers of my minde, as leaden as your wit, and as dustie as your face is fwarthy.

Gal. Faith sweet, ile lay thee on the lips for that iest.

Mell. I pree thee intrude not on a dead mans right.

670

Gal. No, but the livings iust possession.

Thy lips, and loue, are mine.

Mell. You nere tooke seizin on them yet: forbeare: There's not a vacant corner of my heart,

But all is fild with deade Antonios losse.

Then vrge no more; O leave to love at all; Tis lesse disgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent Ladie, daine your eare: You fee this blade, had it a courtly lip, It would disulge my valour, plead my loue,

D₂ Iuftle

Iustle that skipping feeble amorist

Out of your loues feat; I am Matzagent.

Gale. Harke thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweete With that fots gabble; By thy beautious cheeke, He is the flagging'st bulrush that ere droopt With each flight mist of raine. But with pleas'd eye

Smile on my courtshippe.

Mel. What faid you fir? alas my thought wax fixt Vpon another object. Good, forbeare: I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare! Come, come, lets daunce. O musicke thou distill'st More fweetnesse in vs then this iarring world: Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath, Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flowe Nothing but timelesse griefe, vnmeasured woe.

Anto. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins, And cruddles thicke my blood, with boiling rage! O eyes, why leape you not like thunderbolts, Or canon bullets in my riuals face;

Oy me infeliche misero, o lamenteuol fato!

Alber. What meanes the Lady fal vpon the groud? Roff. Belike the falling ficknesse. (wilde:

Anto. I cannot brooke this fight, my thoughts grow Here lies a wretch, on whome heaven never smilde.

Reff. What feruant, nere a word, and I here man? I would shoot some speach forth, to strike the time With pleasing touch of amorous complement. Say Iweete, what keepes thy minde, what think'st thou Alb. Nothing. on ?

Roffa. Whats that nothing?

Alb. A

710

Alb. A womans confrancie.

Rossa. Good, why, would'st thou have vs sluts, & neuer shift the vestur of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. O no, thart too constant to afflict my heart,

Too too firme fixed in vnmooued fcorne.

Roff. Pish, pish; I fixed in vnmooued scorne? Why, Ile loue thee to night.

Alb. But whome to morrow?

Roff. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.

Bal. And pleased the marble heavens, now would I 720 might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to conceipt my my my: pray you giue in an Epithite for

Fel. Roaring, roaring. (loue. O loue thou hast murdred me, made me a shadowe, and you heare not Balurdo, but Balurdos ghost.

Rossa. Can a ghost speake?

Bal. Scuruily, as I doe.

Roff. And walke?

Bal. After their fashion.

Roff. And eate apples?

Bal. In a fort, in their garbe.

Feli. Pree thee Flauia be my mistresse.

Fla. Your reason, good Feliche?

Fel. Faith, I have nineteene mistresses alreadie, and I not much disdeigne that thou shold'st make vp the ful score.

Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your mistresses, to performe the office of memory by. Pray you, in auncient times were not those fatten hose? In good faith, now they are new dyed, pinkt & scoured, 740 D3

they

they showe as well as if they were new. What, mute *Balurdo*?

Feli. I in faith, & twere not forprinting, and painting, my breech, and your face would be out of reparation.

Bal. I, an faith, and twere not for printing, & pointing, my breech, and your face would be out of reparation.

Fel. Good againe, Echo.

Fla. Thou art, by nature, too foule to be affected.

Feli. And thou, by Art, too faire to be beloued.

By wits life, most sparke spirits, but hard chance.

La ty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old; & downy sleep Courts vs, to entertaine his company:
Our tyred lymbes, brus d in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose.
Fill out Greeke wines; prepare fresh cressit-light:
Weele haue a banquet: Princes, then good night.

¶ The Cornets sound a Synnet, and the Duke goes out in state. As they are going out, Antonio stayes Mellida: 760 the rest Exeunt.

An. What meanes these scattred looks? why tremble Why quake your thoughts, in your distracted eyes? Collect your spirits, Madam; what doe you see? Dost not beholde a ghost? Look, look where he stalks, wrapt vp in clouds of grief, Darting his sowle, vpon thy wondring eyes. Looke, he comes towards thee; see, he stretcheth out His

His wretched armes to girt thy loued waste,
With a most wisht embrace: see st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha, Mellida; thou well maist erre:
For looke; he walkes not like Antonio:
Like that Antonio, that this morning shone,
In glistering habilliments of armes,
To seize his loue, spight of her fathers spite:
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through,
With sinking griefe, rowld vp in seauen-sould doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable: harke, he speakes to thee.

Melli Alas Lean not have you so him

Mell. Alas, I can not heare, nor fee him.

Anto. Why? al this night about the roome he stalkt, And ground, and houl'd, with raging passion, To view his loue (life blood of all his hopes, Crowne of his fortunes) clipt by strangers armes. Looke but behinde thee.

Mel. O, Antonio; my Lord, my Loue, my An. Leaue passion, sweet; for time, place, aire, & earth, Are all our foes: feare, and be iealous; faire, Lets fly.

Mell. Deare heart; ha, whether?

Anto. O, tis no matter whether, but lets fly.
Ha! now I thinke ont, I have nere a home:
No father, friend, no country to imbrace
These wretched limbes: the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doite:
Onelie my head is hoised to high rate,
Worth twentie thousand double Pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.

But

But come sweete creature, thou shalt be my home;
My father, country, riches, and my friend:
My all, my soule; and thou and I will liue:
(Lets thinke like what) and thou and I will liue
Like vnmatcht mirrors of calamitie.
The iealous eare of night eaue-drops our talke.
Holde thee, thers a iewell; & look thee, thers a note
That will direct thee when, where, how to fly;
Bid me adieu.

Mell. Farewell bleak misery.

Anto. Stay sweet, lets kisse before you goe.

Mel. Farewell deare soule.

Anto. Farewell my life, my heart.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

¶ Enter Andrugio in armour, Lucio with a sheepeheard gowne in his hand, and a Page.

(flakes, Andr. I S not you gleame, the shuddering morne that With silver tinctur, the east vierge of heaven?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellence.

Andr. Away, I have no excellence to please. Pree the observe the custome of the world, That onely flatters greatnesse, States exalts. And please my excellence! O Lucio. Thou hast bin ever held respected deare, Even pretious to Andrugios inmost love. Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith That I am wretched, O read that, read that.

Piero

Princes, fortune.

Excellent, the iust overthrowe, Andrugio 830 tooke in the Venetian gulfe, hath so assured the Genowaies of the iustice of his cause, and the hatefulnesse of his person, that they have banish him and all his family: and, for confirmation of their peace with vs, have vowed, that if he, or his sonne, can be attached, to send vs both their heads. Wee therefore, by force of our vnited league, forbid you to harbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend his person, we intreat you to send him, or his head, to vs. For wee vowe by the honour of our blood, to recompence any man that bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double Pistolets, 840 and the indeering to our choysest love.

From Venice: PIERO SFORZA.

Andr. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal, That eates her children, should not have eyes & ears. Philosophie maintaines that Natur's wise, And formes no vselesse or vnperfect thing. Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature? For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man, Moulds me vp honour; and like a cunning Dutchma, 850 Paints me a puppit euen with seeming breath, And gives a sot appearance of a soule. Goe to, goe to; thou liest Philosophy.

E

Nature

Nature formes things vnperfect, vselesse, vaine. Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares? That she might see desert, and heare mens plaints: That when a foule is splitted, sunke with griefe, He might fall thus, vpon the breast of earth; And in her eare, halloo his misery: Exclaming thus. O thou all bearing earth, (mouths, 860 Which men doe gape for, till thou cramst their And choakst their throts with dust: Ochaune thy brest, And let me finke into thee. Looke who knocks; Andrugio cals. But O, she's deafe and blinde. A wretch, but leane reliefe on earth can finde. Lu. Sweet Lord, abandon passion, and disarme. Since by the fortune of the tumbling lea, We are rowl'd vp, vpon the Venice marsh, Lets clip all fortune, least more lowring fate

And. More lowring fate? O Lucio, choak that breath. 870 Now I defie chaunce. Fortunes browe hath frown'd, Euen to the vtmost wrinkle it can bend: Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests, What sonne, what comfort that she can depriue? Tryumphes not Venice in my ouerthrow? Gapes not my native country for my blood? Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine? And yet more lowring fate? There's nothing left Vnto Andrugio, but Andrugio: And that nor mischief, force, distresse, nor hel can take. 880

Fortune my fortunes, not my minde shall shake.

Lu. Speake like your selfe: but giue me leaue, my Lord,
To wish your safetie. If you are but seene,

Cour

Your armes display you; therefore put them off, And take (foes?

And. Would'st thou have me go vnarm'd amongmy Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combat with despaire and mightie griefe:
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha Lucio, goe vnarm'd?

Syo
Come soule, resume the valour of thy brith;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposits:
Ile muster forces, an vnuanquisht power:
Cornets of horse shall presse th'vngratefull earth;
This hollow wombed masse shall inly grone,
And murmur to sustaine the waight of armes:
Gastly amazement, with vpstarted haire,
Shall hurry on before, and vsher vs,
Whil'st trumpets clamour, with a sound of death.

Lu. Peace, good my Lord, your speach is al too light. 900 Alas, suruey your fortunes, looke what's left Of all your forces, and your vtmost hopes? A weake old man, a Page, and your poore selfe.

And. Andrugio liues, and a faire cause of armes, Why that's an armie all inuincible. He who hath that, hath a battalion Royal, armour of proofe, huge troups of barbed steeds, Maine squares of pikes, millions of harguebush. O, a faire cause stands firme, and will abide. Legions of Angels sight upon her side.

Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise, Vnto some gratious Prince, and soiourne there, Till time, and fortune giue reuenge sirme meanes.

E₂ And. No

And. No, ile not trust the honour of a man: Golde is growne great, and makes persidiousnesses A common water in most Princes Courts: He's in the Chekle-roule: Ile not trust my blood; I know none breathing, but will cogge a dye For twentie thousand double Pistolets. How goes the time?

Luc. I faw no funne to day.

And. No fun wil shine, where poor Andrugio breaths. My soule growes heauie: boy let's haue a song: Weele sing yet, faith, euen despite of sate.

CANTANT.

And. Tis a good boy, & by my troth, well fung.

O, and thou felt'st my griefe, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st haue strook division to the height;
And made the life of musicke breath: hold boy: why so?
For Gods sake call me not Andrugio,
That I may soone forget what I have bin.
For heavens name, name not Antonio;
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere you sunne set, ile shew my selfe my selfe,
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke; that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall. Execunt.

¶ Enter Feliche walking, vnbrac't.
Fe. Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo? none vp?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou vp yet:
Then there's no Courtier stirring: that's sirme truth? 940
I cannot sleepe: Feliche seldome rests

Tn

In these court lodgings. I have walkt all night, To fee if the nocturnall court delights Could force me enuie their felicitie: And by plaine troth; I will confesse plaine troth: I enuie nothing, but the Trauense light. O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues, it might See sport, heare speach of most strange surquedries. O, if that candle-light were made a Poet, He would prooue a rare firking Satyrist, 9: And drawe the core forth of impostum'd fin. Well, I thanke heauen yet, that my content Can enuie nothing, but poore candle-light. As for the other gliftering copper spangs, That gliften in the tyer of the Court, Praise God, I eyther hate, or pittie them. Well, here ile sleepe till that the sceane of vp Is past at Court. O calme husht rich content, Is there a being bleffednesse without thee? How foft thou down'st the couch where thou dost 96 Nectar to life, thou fweet Ambrofian feaft.

¶ Enter Castilio and his Page: Castilio with a casting bottle of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.

Caft. Am not I a most sweete youth now?
Cat. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd; your verie
Doe smell of Amber greece. O stay sir, stay; (words
Sprinkle some sweete water to your shooes heeles,
That your mistresse may swear you have a sweet foot.
Cast. Good, very good, very passing passing good.
E. 2

Fel. Fut, what trebble minikin fqueaks there, ha? good? 970

very good, very very good?

Cafti. I will warble to the delicious concaue of my Mistresse eare: and strike her thoughts with The pleasing touch of my voice.

CANTANT.

Cast. Feliche, health, fortune, mirth, and wine,

Fel. To thee my loue dinine.

Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.

Fel. Plague on thee for an Asse.

Cast. Now thou hast seene the Court; by the perfection of it, dost not enuie it?

Fel. I wonder it doth not enuie me. Why man, I have bene borne vpon the spirits wings, The foules swift Pegasus, the fantasie: And from the height of contemplation, Haue view'd the feeble ioynts men totter on. I enuie none; but hate, or pittie all. For when I viewe, with an intentiue thought, That creature faire; but proud; him rich, but fot: Th'other wittie; but vnmeasured arrogant: Him great; yet boundlesse in ambition: Him high borne; but of base life: to'ther feard; Yet feared feares, and fears most, to be most loued: Him wife; but made a foole for publick vse: Th'other learned, but selfe-opinionate: When I discourse all these, and see my selfe Nor faire, nor rich, nor wittie, great, nor fear'd:

Yet

Yet amply futed, with all full content: Lord, how I clap my hands, and fmooth my brow, Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing vp

A gratefull spirit to omnipotence!

Cast. Ha, ha: but if thou knew'st my happinesse, Thou wouldst euen grate away thy soule to dust, In enuy of my sweete beatitude:

I can not sleepe for kisses; I can not rest For Ladies letters, that importune me
With such vnused vehemence of loue,

Straight to folicit them, that

Feli. Confusion seize me, but I thinke thou lyest. Why should I not be sought to then as well? Fut, me thinks, I am as like a man. Troth, I haue a good head of haire, a cheeke Not as yet wan'd; a legge, faith, in the full. I ha not a red beard, take not tobacco much:

And S'lid, for other parts of manlinesse

Cast. Pew waw, you nere accourted them in pompe:

Put your good parts in presence, gratiously.
Ha, and you had, why they would ha come of, sprung
Toyour armes: and su'd, and prai'd, and yow'd;
And opened all their sweetnesse to your love.

Fel. There are a number of fuch things, as then Haue often vrg'd me to fuch loofe beliefe: But S'lid you all doe lye, you all doe lie. I haue put on good cloathes, and fmugd my face, Strook a faire wench, with a fmart speaking eye: Courted in all forts, blunt, and passionate;

E4.

Had

1000

Had opportunitie put them to the ah:
And, by this light, I finde them wondrous chafte,
Impregnable; perchance a kiffe, or fo:
But for the rest, O most inexorable.

Cast. Nay then if aith, pree thee looke here.

¶ Shewes him the superscription of a seeming Letter. Fel. To her most esteemed, lowd, and generous servant, Sig. Castilio Balthazar.

Pree the from whome comes this? faith I must see.

From her that is denoted to thee, in most private sweetes of

Love Possible.

loue; Rossaline.

Nay, god's my comfort, I must see the rest; I must, sans ceremonie, faith I must.

Feliche takes away the letter by force.

Cast. O, you spoyle my ruffe, vnset my haire; good away.

Fel. Item for strait canuas, thirteene pence, halfe penny. Item for an elle and a halfe of taffata to couer your olde canuas dubblet, foureteen shillings, & three pence. S'light, this a tailors bill.

Cast. In sooth it is the outside of her letter; on which

I tooke the copie of a tailors bill.

Dil. But tis not crost, I am sure of that. Lord have ross mercie on him, his credit hath given vp the last gaspe. Faith ile leave him; for hee lookes as melancholy as a wench the first night she Exit.

Feli. Honest musk-cod, twill not be so stitched together; take that, and that, and belie no Ladies love: sweare no more by Iesu: this Madam, that Ladie; hence goe, forsweare the presence, travaile three years

1030

to bury this bastinado: auoide, pusse paste, auoide.

Cast. And tell not my Ladie mother. Well, as I am
true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessing, 1060
not to spoyle my face; if I could not finde in my heart
to sight, would I might nere eate a Potatoe pye more.

¶ Enter Balurdo, backward; Dildo following him with a looking glaffe in one hand, & a candle in the other hand: Flauia following him backward, with a looking glaffe in one hand, and a candle in the other; Roffaline following her. Balurdo and Roffaline stand setting of faces: and so the Sceane begins.

Fel. More foole, more rare fooles! O, for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to acte these 1070 fooles! Here might be made a rare Scene of folly, if

the plat could beare it.

Bal. By the fuger-candy sky, holde vp the glasse higher, that I may see to sweare in fashion. O, one loose more would ha made them shine; gods neakes, they would have shone like my mystresse browe. Even so the Duke frownes for all this Cursond world: oh that gerne kils, it kils. By my golden What's the richest thing about me?

Dil. Your teeth.

1080

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold vp; that I may put in: hold vp, I fay, that I may fee to put on my gloues.

Dil. O, delicious sweet cheekt master, if you discharge but one glance from the leuell of that set face: O, you will strike a wench; youle make any wench loue you.

F Balur. By

Balur. By Iesu, I think I am as elegant a Courtier, as How lik'st thou my suite?

Catz. All, beyond all, no peregal: you are wondred at,

for an affe.

Bal. Well, Dildo, no christen creature shall knowe 1090 hereafter, what I will doe for thee heretofore.

Ros. Here wants a little white, Flauia.

Dil. I, but master, you have one little falt; you sleepe

open mouth'd.

Ball. Pewe, thou iestst. In good sadnesse, Ile haue a looking glasse nail'd to the the testarn of the bed, that I may see when I sleep, whether tis so, or not; take heed

you lye not: goe to, take heede you lie not.

Fla. By my troth, you looke as like the princesse, now I, but her lip is lip is a little redder, a very little 1100 redder: but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I chage my perewigge, mine shall be as red Fla. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of your bodie, that wanton dandling of your fan, becoms prethely, so sweethly, tis even the goodest Ladie that breathes, the most amiable Faith the fringe of your sattin peticote is ript. Good faith madam, they say

you are the most bounteous Lady to your women, that
euer O most delitious beautie! Good Madam
let me kith it.

¶ Enter Piero.

Feli. Rare sport, rare sport! A female soole, and a female flatterer.

Roff. Bodie a mee, the Duke: away the glasse.

Pie. Take vp your paper, Rossaline.

Roff. Not

Roffa. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Ladie? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my fweete mistresse? O Ladie deare, euen as tis an olde say, Tis an old horse can neither wighy, nor wagge his taile: euen so doe I holde 1120 my set face still: euen so, tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose.

Pie. Meet me at Abrahams, the Iewes, where I bought my Amazons difguise. A shippe lies in the port, ready bound for England; make haste, come private.

¶ Enter Castilio, Forobosco.

0 trista traditriche, rea, ribalda fortuna, Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.

Fel. Ha ha ha. I could breake my splene at his impatience.

Anto. Alma & gratiosa fortuna siate fauorevole, Et fortunati siano vuoti del mia dulce Mellida, Mellida.

Mel. Alas Antonio, I have lost thy note.

A

A number mount my staires; ile straight returne. Fel. Antonio, Be not affright, sweete Prince; appeale thy feare, Buckle thy spirits vp, put all thy wits In wimble action, or thou art furpriz'd. Anto. I care not. 1150 Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or Anto, Both, both, all, all: I pree theelet meely; Spight of you all, I can, and I will dy. Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath. An. Each man take hence life, but no man death: Hee's a good fellow, and keepes open house: A thousand thousand waies lead to his gate, To his wide mouth'd porch: when niggard life Hath but one little, little wicket through. We wring our selues into this wretched world, 1160 To pule, and weepe, exclaime, to curse and raile, To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth As I doe now. Antonio, curse thy birth, And die. Fel. Nay, heavens my comfort, now you are perverse; You know I alwaies lou'd you; pree thee line. Wilt thou strike deade thy friends, drawe mourning teares An. Alas, Feliche, I ha nere a friend; No country, father, brother, kinsman left 1170

To weepe my fate, or figh my funerall: I roule but vp and downe, and fill a feat In the darke caue of dusky misery. (key, Feli. Foreheauen, the Duke comes: holdyou, takemy Slinke

Slinke to my chamber, looke you; that is it: There shall you finde a fuite I wore at sea: Take it, and slippe away. Nay, pretious, If youle be peeuish, by this light, Ile sweare, Thou rail'dst vpon thy loue before thou dyedst, And call'd her strumpet.

Ant. Sheele not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one: ile defame thy loue; And make thy deade trunke held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs have it fo? why then Antonio.

Viue esperanza, in despetto dell fato.

¶ Enter Piero, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Forobosco, Balurdo, and Castilio, with weapons.

Piero. O, my fweet Princes, was't not brauely found? Euen there I found the note, euen there it lay. I kisse the place for ioy, that there it lay. 1190 This way he went, here let vs make a stand: Ile keepe this gate my felfe: O gallant youth! Ile drinke carouse vnto your countries health, ¶ Enter Antonio.

Euen in Antonio's fcull

Bal. Lord bleffe vs: his breath is more fearefull then a Sergeants voice, when he cries; I arrest.

Ant. Stoppe Antonio, keepe, keepe Antonio.

Piero. Where, where man, where?

Ant. Here, here: let me me pursue him downe the 1200 marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my fignet, take a gundelet:

Bring

Bring me his head, his head, and by mine honour, Ile make thee the wealthiest Mariner that breathes.

Anto. Ile sweate my bloode out, till I haue himsafe.

Pie. Speake heartily ifaith, good Mariner. O, wee will mount in tryumph: foone, at night, Ile fet his head vp. Lets thinke where.

Bal. Vp on his shoulders, that's the fittest place for it. If it be not as fit as if it were made for them; say, Ba-1210

lurdo, thou art a fot, an affe.

¶ Enter Mellida in Pages attire, dauncing.
Pie. Sprightly, ifaith. In troth he's fomwhat like
My daughter Mellida: but alas poore foule,
Her honour heeles, god knowes, are halfe fo light.
Mel. Escap't I am, spite of my fathers spight.

Pie. Ho, this will warme my bosome ere I sleepe.

¶ Enter Flauia running.

Fla. O my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my daughter's fafe enough, I warrant thee. 1220 This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out

My daies vnmeasuredly.

It shall be chronicled, time to come; Piero Sforza slewe Andrugio's sonne.

Fla. I, but my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my good wench, she is safe enough.

Fla. O, then, my Lord, you know she's run away.

Pie. Run away, away, how run away? (ther

Fla. She's vanisht in an instante, none knowes whe-

Pie. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away.

¶ Feliche sing; And was not good king Salomon. Fly, call, run, rowe, ride, cry, shout, hurry, haste:

Hafte

Haste, hurry, shoute, cry, ride, rowe, run, call, sly Backward and forward, euery way about.

Maldetta fortuna chy condura sorta

Che faro, che diro, pur fugir tanto mal!

Cast. Twas you that struck me euen now: was it not?

Fel. It was I that ftruck you euen now.

Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.

Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it.

Cast. Faith sir, I have the richest Tobacco in the court for you; I would be glad to make you satisfaction, if I have wronged you. I would not the Sun should set v-pon your anger; give me your hand.

Fel. Content faith, so thou'lt breede no more such

I hate not man, but mans lewd qualities.

ACTVS QVARTVS. IV. i

¶ Enter Antonio, in his sea gowne running.

Ant. STOP, stop Antonio, stay Antonio.

Vaine breath, vaine breath, Antonio's lost; 1250

He can not finde himselfe, not seize himselfe.

Alas, this that you fee, is not *Antonio*, His fpirit houers in *Piero's* Court,

Hurling about his agill faculties,

To apprehend the fight of Mellida:

But poore, poore foule, wanting apt instruments To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,

Roul'd vp in gloomie clouds as black as ayer,

Through which the rustie coach of Night is drawne: Tis so, ile giue you instance that tis so.

F 4. Con-

1240

Conceipt you me. As having clasp't a rose Within my palme, the rose being tane away, My hand retaines a little breath of fweete: So may mans trunke; his spirit slipt awaie, Holds still a faint perfume of his sweet ghest. Tis fo; for when discursive powers flie out, And rome in progresse, through the bouds of heauen, The foule it selfe gallops along with them, As chiefetaine of this winged troope of thought, Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste, 1270 What wast I said? Vntill the foule returne from O, this is naught, but speckling melancholie. I haue beene That Morpheus tender skinp Cosen germane Beare with me good Mellida: clod vpon clod thus fall. Hell is beneath; yet heaven is over all.

¶ Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Normod.

And. Come Lucio, lets goe eat: what hast thou got?

Rootes, rootes? alas, they are seeded, new cut vp.

O, thou hast wronged Nature, Lucio:

But bootes not much; thou but pursu'st the world,

That cuts off vertue, fore it comes to growth,

Least it should seed, and so orerun her sonne,

Dull pore-blinde error. Giue me water, boy.

There is no poison in't I hope, they say

That lukes in masse plate: and yet the earth

Is so infected with a generall plague,

That hee's most wise, that thinks there's no man foole:

Right

Right prudent, that esteemes no creature iust: 1290 Great policy the least things to mistrust. Giue me Asfay How we mock greatnesse now! Lu. A strong conceipt is rich, so most men deeme: If not to be, tis comfort yet to seeme. And. Why man, I neuer was a Prince till now. Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees, Guilt tipstaues, Tyrrian purple, chaires of state, Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still In greatnesse fummer, that confirme a prince: Tis not the vnfauory breath of multitudes, 1300 Showting and clapping, with confused dinne; That makes a Prince. No Lucio, he's a king, A true right king, that dares doe aught, faue wrong, Feares nothing mortall, but to be vniust, Who is not blowne vp with the flattering puffes Of spungy Sycophants: Who stands vnmou'd, Despight the instling of opinion: Who can enioy himselfe, maugre the throng That striue to presse his quiet out of him: Who fits vpon *Ioues* footestoole, as I doe, 1310 Adoring, not affecting, maiestie: Whose brow is wreathed with the filuer crowne Of cleare content: this, Lucio, is a king. And of this empire, euery man's possest, That's worth his foule.

Lu. My Lord, the Genomaies had wont to fay And. Name not the Genowaies: that very word Vnkings me quite, makes me vile passions slaue. O, you that made open the glibbery Ice

Of

Of vulgar fauour, viewe Andrugio. 1320 Was neuer Prince with more applause confirm'd, With louder shouts of tryumph launched out Into the furgy maine of gouernment: Was neuer Prince with more despight cast out, Left shipwrackt, banisht, on more guiltlesse ground. O rotten props of the craz'd multitude, How you stil double, faulter, vnder the lightest chance That straines your vaines. Alas, one battle lost, Your whorish loue, your drunken healths, your houts and shouts, 1330 Your fmooth God faue's, and all your diuels last That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs. Spit on me Lucio, for I am turnd slaue: Obserue how passion domineres ore me. Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, having loft a fonne, A country, crowne, and And. I Lucio, having loft a fonne, a fonne, A country, house, crowne, sonne. O lares, misereri lares. Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne, My deare sweete boy, my deare Antonio. 1340 Ant. Antonio? And. I, eccho, I; I meane Antonio. Ant. Antonio, who meanes Antonio? And. Where art? what art? know'st thou Antonio? Ant. Yes. And. Liues hee? Ant. No. And. Where lies hee deade? Ant. Here.

And.

And. Where?	1350
Ant. Here.	
Andr. Art thou Antonio?	
Ant. I thinke I am. (felfe?)	
And. Dost thou but think? What, dost not know thy	
Ant. He is a foole that thinkshe knowes himselfe.	
And. Vponthy faith to heauen, giue thy name.	
Ant. I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,	
If I denied my name's Antonio.	
And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,	
If I denied my name Andrugio.	1360
And dost thou live? O, let me kisse thy cheeke,	
And deaw thy browe with trickling drops of ioy.	
Now heavens will be done: for I have liu'd	
To fee my ioy, my fonne Antonio.	
Giue me thy hand; now fortune doe thy worst,	
His blood, that lapt thy spirit in the wombe,	
Thus (in his loue) will make his armes thy tombe.	
Ant. Blesse not the bodie with your twining armes,	
Which is accurft of heaven. O, what black finne	
Hath bin committed by our auntient house,	1370
Whose scalding vengeance lights vpon our heads,	
That thus the world, and fortune casts vs out,	
As loathed objects, ruines branded flaues.	
And. Doe not expostulate the heavens will:	
But, O, remember to forget thy felfe:	
Forget remembrance what thou once hast bin.	
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.	
Euen trees haue tongues, and will betray our life.	
I am a raising of our house, my boy:	
G ₂ Which	

Which fortune will not enuie, tis so meane, And like the world (all durt) there shalt thou rippe The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine eares, Whilst I sit weeping, blinde with passions teares: Then ile begin, and weele fuch order keepe, That one shall still tell greefes, the other weepe.

¶ Exit Andrugio, leaving Antonio, and his Page. Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, pree thee stay a little. Thou hast had a good voice, if this colde marshe,

Wherein we lurke, haue not corrupted it.

¶ Enter Mellida, standing out of sight, in her Pages suite. 1390 I pree thee fing, but firra (marke you me) Let each note breath the heart of passion, The fad extracture of extreamelt griefe. Make me a straine; speake, groning like a bell, That towles departing foules.

Breath me a point that may inforce me weepe, To wring my hands, to breake my curfed breaft, Raue, and exclaime, lie groueling on the earth, Straight start vp frantick, crying, Mellida. Sing but, Antonio hath lost Mellida,

And thou shalt see mee (like a man possest)

Howle out fuch passion, that even this brinish marsh Will squease out teares, from out his spungy cheekes, The rocks euen groane, and

Pree thee, pree thee fing:

Or I shall nere ha done when I am in. Tis harder for me end, then to begin.

The boy runnes a note, Antonio breakes it. For looke thee boy, my griefe that hath no end, 1400

I may begin to playne, but pree thee fing. 1410

CANTANT.

Mell. Heauen keepe you fir.

An. Heauen keepe you from me, fir.

Mell. I must be acquainted with you, fir.

Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with mifery,

Sear'd with the anguish of calamitie?

Art thou true forrow, hearty griefe, canst weepe?

I am not for thee if thou canst not raue,

¶ Antonio fals on the ground.

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaime on heauen; 1420 O trifling Nature, why enspiredst thou breath

Mell. Stay fir, I thinke you named Mellida.

Ant. Know'st thou Mellida?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Hast thou seene Mellida?

Mell. Yes.

Ant. Then hast thou seene the glory of her sex, The musick of Nature, the vnequall'd lustre Of vnmatched excellence, the vnited sweete Of heavens graces, the most adored beautie, That ever strooke amazement in the world.

Mell. You feeme to loue her.

Ant. With my very foule.

Mell. Shele not requite it: all her loue is fixt

Vpon a gallant, on Antonio,

The Duke of Genoas sonne. I was her Page:

And often as I waited, she would figh;

 \mathbf{O}

G ₃

O, deere Antonio; and to strengthen thought, Would clip my neck, and kisse, and kisse me thus. Therefore leave louing her: fa, faith me thinks, 1440 Her beautie is not halfe fo rauishing As you discourse of; she hath a freckled face, A lowe forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heaven, that I should heare such blasphemie. Boy, rogue, thou lieft, and Spanento dell mio core dolce Mellida, Di grava morte restoro vero dolce Mellida, Celesta saluatrice sovrana Mellida

Del mio sperar; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. Diletta & soaue anima mia Antonio, Godeuole belezza cortese Antonio. Signior mio & virginal amore bell' Antonio Gusto delli mei sensi, car' Antonio.

Ant. O suamisce il cor in un soaue baccio, Mel. Murono i sensi nel desiato dessio: Ant. Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara.

Mel. Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara?

Ant. Dammi vn baccio da quella bocca beata, Bassiammi, coglier l'aura odorata Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.

Mel. Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore Che bea me, cosempiterno honore, Cosi, cost mi conuerra morir.

Good fweet, fcout ore the marsh: for my heart tremble At every little breath that strikes my eare, When thou returnest: and ile discourse How I deceiu'd the Court: then thou shall tell

How

1450

How thou escapt'st the watch: weele point our speech With amorous kiffing, kiffing comaes, and euen fuck The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Ant. Dul clod, no man but fuch sweet fauour clips. I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.

Turne coward in her fight? away, away.

I thinke confusion of Babell is false vpon these louers, that they change their language; but I feare mee, my master having but fained the person of a woman, hath got their vnfained imperfection, and is growne double tongu'd: as for Mellida, she were no woman, if shee could not yeelde strange language. But howsoeuer, if I should fit in judgement, tis an errour easier to be par- 1480 doned by the auditors, then excused by the authours; and yet some private respect may rebate the edge of the keener censure.

¶ Enter Piero, Castilio, Matzagente, Forobosco, Feliche, Galeatzo, Balurdo, and his Page, at another dore.

Pie. This way shee took: fearch, my sweet gentleme. How now Balurdo, canst thou meete with any body?

Bal. As I am true gentleman, I made my horse sweat, that he hath nere a dry thread on him: and I can meete with no liuing creature, but men & beaftes. In good 1490 fadnesse, I would have sworne I had seene Mellida euen now: for I sawe a thing stirre vnder a hedge, and I peep't, and I fpyed a thing: and I peer'd, and I tweerd vnderneath: and truly a right wife man might haue beene deceiued: for it was

Piero. G_4

The first part of

Pie. What, in the name of heaven?

Ba!. A dun cowe.

Fel. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong Lady passe this way?

Gal. Why speake you not?

1500

Bal. Gods neakes, proud elfe, giue the Duke reuerence, stand bare with a

Whogh! heavens bleffe me: Mellida, Mellida.

Pie. Where man, where?

Balur. Turnd man, turnd man: women weare the

breaches, loe here,

Pie. Light and vnduteous! kneele not, peeuish else, Speake not, entreate not, shame vnto my house, Curse to my honour. Where's Antonio? Thou traitresse to my hate, what is he shipt

For England now? well whimpering harlot, hence.

Mell. Good father

Pie. Good me no goods. Seeft thou that fprightly youth? ere thou can't tearme to morrow morning old, thou shalt call him thy husband, Lord and loue.

Mel. Ay me.

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, gard her fafely hence. Drag her away, ile be your gard to night. Young Prince, mount vp your fpirits, and prepare To folemnize your Nuptials eue with popme.

1520

Gal. The time is fcant: now nimble wits appeare: Phabus begins gleame, the welkin's cleare.

Exeunt all, but Balurdo and his Page.

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare: ile my selse appeare, Balurdo's selse, that in quick wit doth surpasse,

 \mathbf{Will}

Will shew the substance of a compleat

Dil. Asse, asse.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly prick

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly in the verse, sir.

Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so brauely pranke it, that ile tosse loue like a pranke, pranke it: a rime for pranke it?

Dil. Blankit.

Bal. That ile tosse loue, like a dogge in a blanket: ha ha, in deede law. I thinke, ha ha; I thinke ha ha, I think I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it not deade, say, Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. Balurdo, thou art an arrant fot.

¶ Enter Andrugio and Antonio wreathed together, Lucio.

And. Now, come vnited force of chap-falne death: Come, power of fretting anguish, leave distresse. O, thus infoulded, we have breasts of proofe, Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant: Father, now I have an antidote,
Gainst all the poyson that the world can breath.
My Mellida, my Mellida doth blesse
This bleak waste with her presence. How now boy,
Why dost thou weepe? alas, where's Mellida?

1550

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

And. A fodden horror doth inuade my blood, My finewes tremble, and my panting heart Scuds round about my bosome to goe out,

Dreading

1540

H

The first Parte of

Dreading the affailant, horrid paffion. O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blowe.

Speake quickly, briefely boy.

Pa. Her father found, and feif'd her, she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy bloode, be not frose vp with grief.

Courage, sweet boy, sinke not beneath the waight

Of crushing mischiefe. O where's thy dantlesse heart

Thy fathers spirit! I renounce thy blood,

If thou forsake thy valour.

Lu. See how his grief speakes in his flow-pac't steps:

Alas, tis more than he can vtter, let him goe.

Dumbe folitary path best futeth woe.

And. Give me my armes, my armour Lucio.

Lu. Deare Lord, what means this rage, when lacking Scarce fafes your life, will you in armour rife? vfe

And. Fortune feares valour, presseth cowardize. 1579

Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place, And meanes to blaze it.

And. Nunquam potest non esse.

Lu. Patience, my Lord, may bring your ils fome end.

And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes atted?

Come, let me die like old Andrugio:

Worthy my birth. O blood-true-honour'd graues

Are farre more blessed then base life of slaues. Exeunt.

ACTVS QVINTVS. P. i

¶ Enter Balurdo, a Painter with two pictures, and 1580 Dildo.

Bal.

Bal. A ND are you a painter fir, can you drawe, can you drawe?

Pay. Yes fir.

Ba. Indeede lawe? now so can my fathers forehore horse. And are these the workmanshippe of your hands?

Payn. I did lymne them.

Bal. Lymne them? a good word, lymne them: whose picture is this? Anno Domini 1599. Beleeue mee, 1599 master Anno Domini was of a good settled age when you lymn'd him. 1599. yeares old? Lets see the other. Etatis sue 24. Bir Ladie he is somwhat younger. Belike master Etatis sue was Anno Dominies sonne.

Pa. Is not your master a

Dil. He hath a little procliuitie to him

Pa. Procliuitie, good youth? I thank you for your

courtly proclinitie.

Bal. Approach good fir. I did fend for you to drawe me a deuise, an Imprezza, by Sinecdoche a Mott. By 1600 Phæbus crymson taffata mantle, I thinke I speake as melodiously, looke you sir, how thinke you ont? I wold have you paint mee, for my deuice, a good fat legge of ewe mutton, swimming in stewde broth of plummes (boy keele your mouth, it runnes over) and the word shall be; Holde my dish, whilst I spill my pottage. Sure, in my conscience, twould be the most sweete device, now

Pa. Twould fent of kitchin-stuffe too much.

Bal. Gods neakes, now I remember mee, I ha 1610

the

The first Parte of

the rarest deuise in my head that euer breathed. Can you paint me a driueling reeling song, & let the word be, Vh.

Payn. A belch.

Bal. O, no no: Vh, paint me vh, or nothing.

Pay. It can not be done fir, but by a feeming kinde of drunkennesse.

Bal. No? well, let me aue a good massie ring, with your owne poesie grauen in it, that must sing a small trebble, worde for word, thus; And if you will my 1620 true lover be,

Come followe mee to the greene wodde.

Pa. O Lord, fir, I can not make a picture fing.

B. Why? z'lid, I have feen painted things fing as fweet:
But I hav't will tickle it, for a conceipt if aith.

¶ Enter Feliche, and Alberto.

Alb. O deare Feliche, give me thy device. How shall I purchase love of Rossaline?

Fel. Swill, flatter her foundly.

Alb. Her loue is fuch, I can not flatter her:

But with my vtmost vehemence of speach,
I haue ador'd her beauties.

Fel. Halt writ good mouing vnaffected rimes to her.

Alb. O, yes, Feliche, but she scornes my writ.

Fel. Hast thou presented her with sumptuous gifts?

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Fell. O, then I have it, ile tell thee what to doe.

Alb. What, good Feliche?

Fel. Goe and hang thy felfe, I say, goe hang thy felfe, 1640

 \mathbf{If}

If that thou canst not give, goe hang thy selfe: Ile rime thee dead, or verse thee to the rope. How thinkst thou of a Poet that sung thus; Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam: Munere solicites Pallada, Cypris erit.

Munera, munera.

Alb. Ile goe and breath my woes vnto the rocks, And spend my griefe vpon the deafest seas. Ile weepe my passion to the senselesse trees, And load most solitarie ayre with plaints. For wods, trees, sea, or rocky Appenine, Is not so ruthlesse as my Rossaline. Farewell deare friend, expect no more of mee, Here ends my part, in this loues Comedy. Exit Alb. Exit Paynter.

1650

Fel. Now master Balurdo, whether are you going, ha? Bal. Signior Feliche, how doe you faith, & by my troth, how doe you?

Fel. Whether art thou going, bully?

Bal. And as heaven helpe mee, how doe you?

How, doe you ifaith he?

Fel. Whether art going man?

Ball. O god, to the Court, ile be willing to giue you grace and good countnance, if I may but fee you in the prefence.

Fel. O to court? farewell.

Bal. If you fee one in a yellow taffata dubblet, cut vpon carnation valure, a greene hat, a blewe paire of veluet hofe, a gilt rapier, and an orenge tauny pair of worsted filke stockings, thats I, thats I.

H₃

Fel.

The first Parte of

Fel. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you shall know me as easily, I ha bought mee a new greene feather with a red sprig, you shall see my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches, you shall know me.

Fel. Very good, very good, farewell.

Ball. Marrie in the maske twill be fomewhat harde. But if you heare any bodie fpeake fo wittily, that hee makes all the roome laugh; that's I, that's I. Farewell good Signior.

¶ Enter Forobosco, Castilio, a boy carying a gilt harpe: Picro, Mellida in night apparrell, Rossaline, Flauia, two Pages.

Pier. Aduance the musiques prize, now capring wits, Rise to your highest mount; let choyce delight Garland the browe of this tryumphant night. Shoote, a sits like Lucifer himselfe.

Rossa. Good sweete Duke, first let their voyces strain for musicks price. Giue mee the golden harpe: faith with your fauour, ile be vmperesse.

Pi. Sweet neece cotent: boyes cleare your voice & fing.

I. CANTAT

Rossa. By this gould, I had rather have a servant with a short nose, and a thinne haire, then have such a high stretcht minikin voice.

Pie. Faire neece, your reason?

Roffa.

Roff. By the fweete of loue, I should feare extreamely that he were an Eunuch.

Cast. Sparke spirit, how like you his voice?

Roff. Spark fpirit, how like you his voice?

So helpe me, youth, thy voice fqueakes like a dry cork shoe: come, come; lets heare the next.

2. CANTAT.

Pie. Trust me, a good strong meane. Well sung my boy.

¶ Enter Balurdo.

Bal. Hold, hold, hold: are yeeblind, could you not see my voice comming for the harpe. And I knock not diuision on the head, take hence the harpe, make mee a slip, and let me goe but for ninepence. Sir Marke, strike 1710 vp for master Balurdo.

3. CANTAT.

Iudgemet gentlemen, iudgemet. Wast not aboue line? I appeale to your mouthes that heard my song. Doe me right, and dub me knight *Balurdo*.

Ros. Kneele downe, and ile dub thee knight of the golden harpe. (filuer fiddlestick.

Ba. Indeed law, doe, and ile make you Ladie of the

Roff. Come, kneele, kneele.

¶ Enter a Page to Balurdo.

1720

Bal. My troth, I thank you, it hathneuer a whistlein't. Ro. Naie, good sweet cuz raise vp your drooping eies, H 4 and

The first Parte of

& I were at the point of To haue & to hold, from this day forward, I would be asham'd to looke thus lumpish. What, my prettie Cuz, tis but the losse of an od maidenhead: shall's daunce? thou art so sad, harke in mine eare. I was about to say, but ile forbeare.

Ba. I come, I come, more then most hunny-suckle sweete Ladies, pine not for my presence, ile returne in pompe. Well spoke sir *Ieffrey Balurdo*. As I am a true 1730 knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to grope mee alreadie.

Exit.

Pie. Faith, mad neece, I wonder when thou wilt marrie?

Rossa. Faith, kinde vncle, when men abandon ielosy, forfake taking of Tobacco, and cease to weare their beardes so rudely long. Oh, to have a husband with a mouth continually smoaking, with a bush of surs on the ridge of his chinne, readie still to slop into his soming chaps; ah, tis more than most intollerable.

Pier. Nay faith, sweete neece, I was mightie strong in thought we should have shut vp night with an ould Comedie: the Prince of Millane shall have Mellida, & thou shouldst have

Ros. No bodie, good sweete vncle. I tell you, fir, I have 39- servants, and my munkey that makes the fortieth. Now I love all of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for any thing. One's a passionate soole, and hee slatters mee aboue beliefe: the second's a teastie ape, and hee railes at me beyond reason: the third's as grave as some Censor, and hee strokes up his mustachoes three times; and makes six plots

plots of fet faces, before he speakes one wise word: the fourth's as dry, as the burre of an heartichoke; the fifth paints, and hath alwaies a good colour for what hee speakes: the fixt

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you thus suf-

pect young gallants worth.

Roff. Oh, when I fee one were a perewig, I dreade his haire; another wallowe in a greate floppe, I mistrust 1760 the proportion of his thigh; and wears a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, one tricke in euery thing makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.

The Cornets found a cynet.

¶ Enter Galeatzo, Matzagente, and Balurdo in maskery.

Pier. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there, close.

Mel. In faith, faire fir, I am too fad to daunce.

Pie. How's that, how's that? too fad? By heauen dance,
And grace him to, or, goe to, I fay no more.

Mell. A burning glasse, the word splendente Phabo?

Tis too curious, I conceipt it not.

Gal. Faith, ile tel thee. Île nolonger burne, then youle shine and smile vpon my loue. For looke yee fairest, by your pure sweets,

I doe not dote vpon your excellence.

And faith, vnlesse you shed your brightest beames Of sunny fauour, and acceptive grace Vpon my tender love, I doe not burne: Marry but shine, and ile reslect your beames,

I With

The first part of

with feruent ardor. Faith I wold be loath to flatter thee faire foule, because I loue, not doat, court like thy husband; which thy father sweares, to morrowe morne I must be. This is all, and now from henceforth, trust me Mellida, Ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

Mell. I trust yee.

Gal. By my troth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now.

Mel. You will speake the liker your selfe.

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescombe, so you will not refuse the bable.

Mel. Nay good fweet, keepe them both, I am ena-

mour'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for this. Lende me your eare.

Rof. A glowe worme, the word? Splendescit tantum te-

nebris.

Matz. O, Ladie, the gloweworm efigurates my valour: which shineth brightest in most darke, difmall and hor-1800 rid atchieuements.

Ross. Or rather, your glowe worme represents your wit, which only seems to have fire in it, though indeed tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the darke deade night of fooles admiration.

Matz. Ladie, my wit hath spurs, if it wete dispos'd to

ride you.

Roff. Faith fir, your wits spurs have but walking rowels; dull, blunt, they will not drawe blood: the gentlemen vshers may admit them the Presence, for anie 1810 wrong they can doe to Ladies.

Bal. Truely, I haue strained a note aboue Ela, for a deuise:

uise; looke you, tis a faire rul'd singing booke: the

word, Perfect, if it were prickt.

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite Balurdo, the most rarely shap't Balurdo.

Ba. Who, I? No I am not fir *leffrey Balurdo*. I am not as well knowne by my wit, as an alehouse by a red lattice. I am not worthy to loue and be belou'd of *Flauia*. 1820

Fla. I will not scorne to favour such good parts, as

are applauded in your rarest selfe.

Bal. Truely, you speake wisely, and like a lantlewoman of foureteene yeares of age. You know the stone called lapis; the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is: and the bird, which the Geometricians cal Auis, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heauen: and loue, the nigher it is to the slame, the more remote (ther's a word, remote) the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quicke, a little thinge 1831 pleaseth a young Ladie, and a smal fauour contenteth an ould Courtier; and so, sweete mistresse I truste my codpeece point.

[Section 1] Enter Feliche.

Pier. What might import this florish? bring vs word.

Fel. Stand away: here's fuch a companie of flibotes, hulling about this galleasse of greatnesse, that there's no boarding him.

Doe you heare you thing call'd, Duke?

Pie. How now blunt Feliche, what's the newes?

Fel. Yonder's a knight, hath brought Andrugio's 184 head, & craues admittance to your chaire of state.

¶ Cornets sound a Cynet: enter Andrugio in armour.

I₂ Con-

The first part of

Pie. Conduct him with attendance fumptuous, Sound all the pleafing inftruments of ioy:
Make tryumph, fland on tiptoe whil? It wee meete:
O fight most gratious, O reuenge most sweete!

And. We vowe, by the honour of our birth, to recompence any man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twentie thoujand double Pistolets, and the endeering to our choysest love.

Pie. We still with most vnmou'd resolu'd confirme 1850 Our large munificence: and here breath A sad and solemne protestation: When I recall this vowe, O, let our house Be euen commaunded, staind, and trampled on,

As worthlesse rubbish of nobilitie.

And. Then, here, Piero, is Andrugios head, Royally casked in a helme of steele: Giue me thy loue, and take it. My dauntlesse soule Hath that vnbounded vigor in his spirits, That it can beare more ranke indignitie, With lesse impatience, then thy cancred hate Can sting and venome his vntainted worth, With the most viperous found of malice. Strike; O, let no glimse of honour light thy thoughts, If there be any heat of royall breath Creeping in thy vaines, O stifle it. Be still thy selfe, bloodie and trecherous. Fame not thy house with an admired acte Of princely pittie. Piero, I am come, To loyle thy house with an eternall blot Of fauage crueltie; strike, or bid me strike. I pray my death; that thy nere dying shame

1870

1860

Might

Might liue immortall to posteritie. Come, be a princely hangman, stoppe my breath. O dread thou shame, no more then I dread death. Pie. We are amaz'd, our royall spirits numm'd, In stiffe astonish wonder at thy prowesse, Most mightie, valiant, and high towring heart. We bluth, and turne our hate vpon our felues, For hating fuch an vnpeer'd excellence. 1880 I ioy my state: him whome I loath'd before, That now I honour, loue; nay more, adore. The still Flutes found a mournfull Cynet. Enter a Cofin. But stay: what tragick spectacle appeares, Whose bodie beare you in that mournefull hearse? Lu. The breathlesse trunke of young Antonio. Mell. Antonio (aye me) my Lord, my loue, my And. Sweete pretious iffue of most honor'd blood, Rich hope, ripe vertue, O vntimely losse. 1890 Come hither friend. Pree thee doe not weepe: Why, I am glad hee's deade, he shall not fee His fathers vanquisht, by his enemie. Euen in princely honour, nay pree thee speake. How dy'd the wretched boy? Lu. My Lord And. I hope he dyed yet like my fonne, if aith. Lu. Alas, my Lord And. He died vnforst, I trust, and valiantly. Lu. Poore gentleman, being 1900 And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull, His thoughts reele, fearefull when he struck the stroke? And

The first part of

And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse, Rip vp his cearecloth, mangle his bleake face; That when he comes to heauen, the powers divine Shall nere take notice that he was my sonne. Ile quite disclaime his birth: nay pree thee speake: And twere not hoopt with steel, my brest wold break.

Mel. O that my spirit in a figh could mount, Into the Spheare, where thy sweet soule doth rest.

Pie. O that my teares, bedeaving thy wan cheeke, Could make new spirit sprout in thy could blood.

Bal. Verely, he lookes as pittifully, as a poore Iohn: as

I am true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.

And. Villaine, tis thou halt murdred my fonne. Thy vnrelenting fpirit (thou black dogge, That took'st no passion of his fatall loue) Hath forst him giue his life vntimely end.

Pic. Oh that my life, her loue, my dearest blood Would but redeeme one minute of his breath.

Ant. I seize that breath. Stad not amaz'd, great states:

I rise from death, that neuer liu'd till now. Piero, keepe thy vowe, and I enioy
More vnexpressed height of happinesse,
Then power of thought can reach: if not, loe here
There stands my toumbe, and here a pleasing stage:
Most wisht spectators of my Tragedie,
To this end haue I fain'd, that her faire eye,
For whome I liu'd, might blesse me ere I dieMell. Can breath depaint my vncoceiued thoughts? 1930

Can words describe my infinite delight, Of seeing thee, my Lord Antonio?

1910

O no; conceipt, breath, passion, words be dumbe, Whil'st I instill the deawe of my sweete blisse, In the foft pressure of a melting kisse; Sic, sic inuat ire sub vmbras.

Pie. Fairesonne (now Ile be proud to call thee sonne) Enioy me thus; my verie breast is thine:

Possesse me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father-

1940 And. Sweet fon, sweet son; I can speake no more:

My ioyes passion flowes about the shoare, And choakes the current of my speach-

Pie. Young Florence prince, to you my lips mult beg,

For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought, So helpe me faith, the naked truth Ile vnfold; He that was nere hot, will foone be cold.

Pie. No man els makes claime vnto her. Matz. The valiant speake truth in briefe: no 1950 Bal. Trulie, for fir leffrey Balurdo, he disclaimes to haue

had anie thing in her.

Pie. Then here I give her to Antonio. Royall, valiant, most respected prince, Let'sclippeour hands; Ile thus obserue my vowe; I promif'd twentie thousand double Pistolets, With the indeering to my dearest loue, To him that brought thy head; thine be the golde, To solemnize our houses vnitie: My loue be thine, the all I have be thine. 1960 Fill vs fresh wine, the forme weele take by this: Weele drinke a health, while they two fip a kisse.

Now I4

The first part of

Now, there remaines no difcord that can found Harsh accents to the eare of our accord:

So please your neece to match.

Ross. Troth vncle, when my sweet fac't cuzhath tolde me how she likes the thing, call'd wedlock; may be Ile take a suruey of the checkroll of my servants; & he that hath the best parts of, Ile pricke him downe for my husband.

Bal. For passion of loue now, remember me to my mistresse, Lady Rossaline, when she is pricking down the good parts of her servants. As I am true knight, I grow stiffe: I shall carry it.

Pie. I will.

Sound Lidian wires, once make a pleasing note, On Nectar streames of your sweete ayres, to slote.

Ant. Here ends the comick crosses of true loue: Oh may the passage most successful proue.

FINIS.

1980

Epilogus.

Entlemen, though I remaine an armed Epilogue, I stand not as a peremptory chalenger of desert, either for him that composed the Comedy, or for vs that acted it: but a most submissive supplyant for both. What imperfection you have seene in vs, leave with vs, & weele amend it; what hath pleased you, take with you, & cherish it. You shall not be more ready to embrace any thing comendable, then we will endeavour to amend all things reproveable. What we are, is by your favour. What we shall be, rests all in your applausive incouragements.

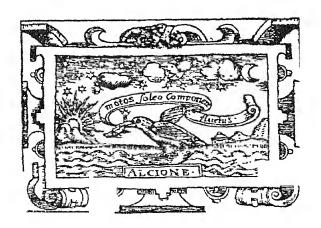
Exit.

ANTONIOS Reuenge.

The second part.

As it hath beene fundry times acted, by the children of Paules.

Written by I. M.



LONDON

Thomas Fisher, and are to be foulde in Saint Dunstans Church-yarde.

1602.

The second part of

Who winkes, and shuts his apprehension vp From common sense of what men were, and are. Who would not knowe what men must be; let such Hurrie amaine from our black vifag'd showes: We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast, Nail'd to the earth with griefe: if any heart Pierc't through with anguish, pant within this ring: If there be any blood, whose heate is choakt And stifled with true sense of misery: If ought of these straines fill this consort vp, Th'arriue most welcome. O that our power Could lackie, or keepe wing with our defires; That with vnused paize of stile and sense, 30 We might waigh maffy in iudicious scale-Yet heere's the prop that doth support our hopes; When our Sceanes falter, or invention halts, Your fauour will give crutches to our faults. Exit.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

¶ Enter Piero, unbrac't, his armes bare, smeer'd in blood, a poniard in one hand bloodie, and a torch in the other, Strotzo following him with a corde.

Pie. TO, Gasper Strotzo, binde Feliches trunke
Vnto the panting side of Mellida. Exit Str. 40
Tis yet dead night, yet al the earth is cloucht
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the ayre.
No spirit moues upon the breast of earth,

Saue

I. i

Saue howling dogs, nightcrowes, & screeching owls, Saue meager ghosts, *Piero*, and black thoughts. One, two. Lord, in two houres what a toplesse mount Of vnpeer'd mischiefe, haue these hands cast vp!

Enter Strotzo.

I can fearce coope triumphing vengeance vp, From bursting forth in bragart passion.

Str. My Lord, tis firmely saide that

Pie. Andrugio sleepes in peace: this braine hath choakt
The organ of his breast. Feliche hangs,
But as a baite vpon the line of death,
To tice on mischiefe. I am great in blood,
Vnequald in reuenge. You horrid scouts,
That centinell swart night, giue lowde applause
From your large palms. First know, my hart was rais'd
Vnto Andrugios life, vpon this ground:

Str. Duke, tis reported

Pie. We both were riuals in our May of blood, Vnto Maria, faire Ferraras heire.

He wan the Ladie, to my honours death:
And from her sweetes, cropt this Antonio:
For which, I burnt in inward sweltring hate,
And festred rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belke reuenge vpon his eyes:
And now (ô blessed now) tis done. Hell, night,
Giue lowde applause to my hypocrisie.
When his bright valour euen dazled sense,
In offring his owne heade, publick reproach
Had blurd my name. Speake Strotzo, had it not?
If then I had

Str. It had, so please

A 3

Piero.

70

The second part of

Pier. What had so please? Vnseasoned Sycophant, Piero Sforza is no nummed Lord, Senseletse of all true touch; stroake not the head Of infant speach, till it be fully borne. Goe to.

Strot. How now? Fut, Ile not fmother your speach. 80 Pie. Nay, right thine eyes: twas but a little splene:

(Huge plunge!

Sinn's growne a flaue, and must observe slight euils. Huge villaines are inforet to clawe all divels.)

Pish, sweete thy thoughts, and give me

Str. Stroake not the heade of infant speach? Goe to?

Pie. Nay, calme this storme. I euer held thy breast

More secret, and more firme in league of blood,

Then to be struck in heate with each slight pusse.

Giue me thy cares; Huge infamie

90

Presse downe my honour; if euen then, when

His fresh act of prowesse bloom'd out full, I had tane vengeance on his hated head

Str. Why it had

Pier. Could I anoyde to give a feeming graunt Vnto fruition of Antonios love?

Str. No.

Pie. And didst thou euer see, a Indas kisse, With a more couert touch of sleering hate?

Stro. No.

Pie. And having clipt them with pretence of love, Have I not crusht them with a cruell wring?

Strot. Yes.

Piero. Say, faith, didft thou ere heare, or reade, or fee

Such happie vengeance, vnfufpected death? That I should drop strong poyson in the boawle, Which I my felfe carouf't vnto his health, And future fortune of our vnitie, That it should worke even in the husht of night, And strangle him on fodaine; that faire showe 110 Of death, for the excessive ioy of his fate, Might choake the murder? Ha Strotzo, is't not rare? Nay, but waigh it- Then Feliche stabd (Whose finking thought frighted my conscious hart) And laid by Mellida, to stop the match, And hale on mischiefe. This all in one night? Is't to be equall'd thinkst thou? O, I could eate Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagd censure. Fut, Is't not rare?

Str. Yes.

Pie. No? yes? nothing but no, and yes, dull lumpe? Canst thou not hony me with fluent speach, And euen adore my toplesse villany? Will I not blast my owne blood for reuenge? Must not thou straight be periur'd for reuenge? And yet no creature dreame tis my reuenge. Will I not turne a glorious bridall morne Vnto a Stygian night? Yet naught but no, and yes?

Str. I would have told you, if the incubus, That rides your bosome, would have patience. It is reported, that in private state, Maria, Genoas Dutchesse, makes to Court, Longing to see him, whom she nere shall see, Her Lord Andrugio. Belike she hath received

The

120

The second Parte of

The newes of reconciliation: Reconciliation with a death?

Poore Ladie shall but finde poore comfort in't.

Pie. O, let me swoone for ioy. By heauen, I thinke
I ha said my prayers, within this month at least;
I am so boundlesse happie. Doth she come?
By this warme reeking goare, Ile marrie her.
Looke I not now like an inamorate? (ther; ha?
Poyson the father, butcher the son, & marry the moStrotzo, to bed: snort in securest sleepe:
For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne
Beat vp the light with their bright silver hooves,
And chase it through the skye. To bed, to bed.
This morne my vengeance shall be amply fed. Exit.

SCENA SECVNDA. Zii

Mar. STAY gentle Luceo, and vouchfafe thy hand. Lu. SO, Madam

Ma. Nay, pree thee giue me leaue to fay, vouchfafe. Submisse intreats beseeme my humble fate. Here let vs sit. O Luceo, fortunes gilt Is rubd quite off from my slight tin-foild state, And poore Maria must appeare vngrac't Of the bright sulgor of gloss'd maiestie.

Luc. Cheer vp your spirits Madam; fairer chance Then that which courts your presence instantly, 160 Can not be formd by the quick mould of thought.

Maria.

Mari. Art thou affur'd the dukes are reconcil'd? Shall my wombes honour wed faire Mellida? Will heaven at length grant harbour to my head? Shall I once more clip my Andrugio? And wreath my armes about Antonio's necke? Or is glib rumor growne a parafite, Holding a false glasse to my forrowes eyes, Making the wrinkl'd front of griefe seeme faire, Though tis much riueld with abortiue care.

Lu. Most virtuous Princesse, banish straggling feare; Keepe league with comfort. For these eyes beheld Tke Dukes vnited; yon faint glimmering light Nere peeped through the crannies of the east, Since I beheld them drinke a found caroufe, In sparkling Bacchus, Vnto eache others health;

Your fonne affur'd to beautious Mellida: And all clouds clear'd of threatning discontent.

Ma. What age is morning of?

Lu. I thinke bout fiue. Ma. Nutriche, Nutriche.

Nu. Beshrow your fingers marry, you have disturb'd the pleasure of the finest dreame. O God, I was even comming to it lawe. O Iefu, twas comming of the fwetest. Ile tell you now, me thought I was maried, and mee thought I spent (O Lord why did you wake mee) and mee thought I spent three spur Roials on the Fidlers for striking vp a fresh hornepipe. Saint Vrsula, I was even going to bed, & you, mee thought, my huf- 190 band was even putting out the tapers, when you, Lord

170

The second part of

I shall neuer haue such a dreame come vpon mee, as long as

Ma. Peace idle creature, peace.

When will the Court rife?

Lu. Madam, twere best you tooke some lodging vp, And lay in private till the soile of griese Were cleard your cheeke, and new burnisht lustre Cloath'd your presence, 'fore you sawe the Dukes, And enterd, 'mong the proud Venetian States.

Mar. No Lucio, my deare Lord's wife, and knowes That tinfill glitter, or rich purfled robes, Curled haires, hung full of sparkling Carcanets, Are not the true adornements of a wife. So long as wives are faithfull, modest, chaste, Wife Lords affect them. Vertue doth not waste, With each flight flame of crackling vanitie. A modelt eye forceth affection, Whilest outward gainesse light lookes but entice. Fairer then Natures faire is fowlest vice. 210 She that loues Art, to get her cheeke more louers, Much outward gaudes flight inward grace discouers. I care not to seeme faire, but to my Lord. Those that strive most to please most strangers sight, Follie may judge most faire, wisdome most light.

¶ Musique sounds a short straine.
But harke, soft musique gently mooues the ayre: I thinke the bridegroom's vp. Lucio, stand close.
O, now Marya, chalenge griefe to stay
Thy ioyes encounter. Looke Lucio, tis cleare day.

SCENA TERTIA.

I. ii (+ nt.)

¶ Enter Antonio, Galeatzo, Matzagente, Balurdo, Pandulpho Feliche, Alberto, Forobosco, Castilio, and a Page.

(hath drawne

Ant. DARKNESSE is fled: looke, infant morn Bright filuer curtains, 'bout the couch of And now Auroras horse trots azure rings, (night: Breathing faire light about the firmament, Stand, what's that?

Mat. And if a horned diuell should burst forth, I would passe on him with a mortall stocke.

Alb. Oh, a horned diuell would prooue ominous, Vnto a bridegroomes eyes.

Mat. A horned diuel? good, good: ha ha ha, very good.

Al. Good tand prince laugh not. By the loves of loue,
When thou doit girne, thy rufty face doth looke
Like the head of a rosted rabbit: sie vpont.

Bal. By my troth, me thinks his nose is inst colour de Mat. I tel theefoole, my nosewill abide no iest. (Roy 240)

Bal. No in truth, I doe not ieast, I speake truth. Truth is the touchstone of all things: and if your nose will not abide the truth, your nose will not abide the touch: and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd vp for a slip.

Mat. I scorne to retort the obtuse ieast of a soole.

Balurdo drawes out his writing tables, and writes.

Bal. Retortand obtuse, good words, very good words.

gal.

The second Parte of

Gal. Young Prince, looke sprightly; fie, a bridegroom sadde!

Bal. In truth, if he were retort, and obtuse, no question, hee would bee merrie: but and please my Genius, I will be most retort and obtuse ere night. He tell you, what He beare soone at night in my shielde, for my deuice.

Gal. What, good Balurdo?

Bal. O, doe me right: fir Gefferey Balurdo: fir, fir, as

long as yee liue, fir.

Gal. What, good fir Gefferey Balurdo? Ba. Marry forfooth, Ile carrie for my deuice, my grand 260 fathers great stone-hors, slinging vp his head, & ierking out his left legge. The word; Wighy Purt. As I am a true knight, wil't not bee most retort and obtuse, ha? Ant. Blowe hence these saplesse iestes. I tell you bloods My spirit's heavie, and the ivyce of life Creepes flowly through my stifned arteries. Last sleep, my sense was steep't in horrid dreames: Three parrs of night were fwallow'd in the gulfe Of rauenous time, when to my flumbring powers, Two meager ghosts made apparition. (wounds: 270 The on's breast seem'd fresh pauncht with bleeding Whole bubling gore sprang in frighted eyes. The other ghost assum'd my fathers shape: Both cride Revenge. At which my trembling ioynts (Iced quite ouer with a froz'd cold fweate) Leap't forth the sheets. Three times I gasp't at shades: And thrice, deluded by erroneous fense, I forc't my thoughts make stand; when loe, I op't

Α

A large bay window, through which the night Struck terror to my foule. The verge of heaven 280 Was ringd with flames, and all the vpper vault Thick lac't with flakes of fire; in midit whereof A blazing Comet shot his threatning traine Iust on my face. Viewing these prodigies, I bow'd my naked knee, and pierc't the starre, With an outfacing eye; pronouncing thus; Deus imperat astris. At which, my nose straight bled : Then doubl'd I my word, so slunke to bed. Ba. Verely, fir Gefferey had a monstrous strange dream the last night. For mee thought I dreamt I was asleepe, 290 and me thought the ground yaun'd and belkt up the abhominable ghost of a misshapen Simile, with two vgly Pages; the one called mafter, euen as going before; and the other Mounser, even so following after; whil'st Signior Simile stalked most prodigiously in the midst. At which I bewrayed the fearefulnesse of my nature: and being readie to forfake the fortrelle of my wit, start vp, called for a cleane shirt, eate a melle of broth, and with that I awakt.

Ant. I pree thee peace. I tell you gentlemen, The frightfull shades of night yet shake my braine: My gellied blood's not thaw'd: the sulphur damps, That slowe in winged lightning bout my couch, Yet stick within my sense, my soule is great, In expectation of dire prodigies.

Pan. Tut, my young Prince, let not thy fortunes see Their Lord a coward. He, thats nobly borne, Abhorres to seare. Base seare's the brand of slaues.

He

The second Parte of

Hee that observes, pursues, slinks back for fright,
Was never cast in mould of noble spright.

Ga. Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
Of chilling seare. Come, shal's salute the bride?

Ant. Castilio, I pree the mixe thy breath with his: Sing one of Signior Renaldo's ayres,
To rouse the slumbring bride from gluttoning,
In surfet of superfluous sleepe. Good Signior, sing.

CANTANT.

What meanes this filence and vnmooued calme! Boy, winde thy Cornet: force the leaden gates Of lasie sleepe sly open, with thy breath.

My Mellida not vp? not stirring yet? vmh.

Ma- That voice, should be my sonnes Antonio's.

Antonio?

Ant. Here, who cals? here stands Antonio.

Mari. Sweete fonne.

Ant. Deare mother.

Ma. Faire honour of a chaft and loyall bed, Thy fathers beautie, thy fad mothers loue, Were I as powrefull as the voice of fate, Felicitie compleat should sweete thy state: But all the blessings, that a poore banisht wretch, Can powre vpon thy heade, take gentle sonne: Liue, gratious youth, to close thy mothers eyes, Lou'd of thy parents, till their latest hower: How cheares my Lord, thy father? O sweet boy, Part of him thus I clip, my deare, deare ioy.

Am

320

Ant. Madam, last night I kist his princely hand, And tooke a treasur'd blessing from his lips: O mother, you arrive in Iubile, And firme attonement of all boystrous rage: 340 Pleasure, vnited loue, protested faith, Guard my lou'd father, as fworne Pensioners: The Dukes are leagu'd in firmest bond of loue, And you arrive even in the Solfficie, And highest point of fun-thine happinesse. ¶ One windes a Cornet within. Harke Madam, how you Cornet ierketh vp His straind shrill accents, in the capering agre; As proud to fummon vp my bright check't loue. Now, mother, ope wide expectation: 350 Let loofe your amplest sense, to entertaine Th'impression of an object of such worth, That life's too poore to Gal. Nay leave Hyperboles. Ant. I tel thee prince, that presence straight appears, Of which thou canst not forme Hyperboles, The trophy of tryumphing excellence: The heart of beautie, Mellida appeares. See, looke, the curtaine stirs, shine natures pride, Loues vitall spirit, deare Antonio's bride. 360 The Curtain's drawne, and the bodie of Feliche, stabd thick with wounds, appeares hung up. What villaine bloods the window of my loue? What flaue hath hung yon gorie enfigne vp, In flat defiance of humanitie? Awake thou faire vnfpotted puritie.

B4

Deaths

The second Parte of

Death's at thy windowe, awake bright Mellida: Antonio cals.

SCENA QVARTA.

I. ii (cont.) 370

Pie. WHO gives these il-besitting attributes Of chast, vnspotted, bright, to Mellida, He lies as lowde as thunder, shee's vnchast, Tainted, impure, blacke as the soule of hell.

¶ He drawes his rapier, offers to runne at Piero: but Maria holds his arme & staies him.

Ant. Dog, I will make the eate thy vomit vp, Which thou hast belk't gainst taintlesse Mellida. Ramm't quicklie downe, that it may not rise vp To imbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomack's: Strike me quite through with the relentlesse edge Of raging furie. Boy, Ile kill thy loue Pandulfe Feliche, I have stabd thy sonne: Looke, yet his lifeblood reekes vpon this steele. Albert, you hangs thy friend. Haue none of you Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your Duke. Thinke Mellida is not Pieros bloode. Imagine on flight ground, He blaft his honour. Suppose I sawe not that incestuous slaue, Clipping the strumpet, with luxurious twines: O, numme my sense of anguish, cast my life In a dead fleepe, whilst lawe cuts off you maine, Yon putred vicer of my roiall bloode.

Foro. Keepe league with reason, gratious Soueraigne.

390

Pie. There glowe no sparkes of reason in the world; All are rak't vp in ashie beastlinesse. The bulke of man's as darke as Erebus, No branch of Reasons light hangs in his trunke: There liues no reason to keepe league withall. I ha no reason to be reasonable.

Her wedding eue, linkt to the noble blood Of my most firmely reconciled friend, And found euen clingd in sensualitie! O heauen! Were she as neare my heart As is my liuer, I would rend her off.

SCENA QVINTA.

I. ii (cont.

¶ Enter Strozzo.

Str. VVHITHER, O whither shal I hurle vast griefe?

Pier. Here, into my breast: tis a place built wide
By fate, to give receipt to boundlesse woes.

Str. O no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleave
With my keene pearcing newes. Andrugio's dead.

Pier. Dead?

Ma. O me most miserable.

Pie. Dead, alas, how dead? Give feeming passion. Fut weepe, act, faine. Dead, alas, how dead? Str. The vast delights of his large sodaine ioyes Opned his powers so wide, that's native heate So prodigally flow'd, t'exterior parts,

That thinner Citadell was left vnmand,
And so surprized on sodaine by colde death.

Ma. O

The second part of

Mari. O fatal, difastrous, cursed, difmall! Choake breath and life. I breath, I live too long.

Andrugio my Lord, I come, I come.

Pic. Be cheerefull Princesse, help Castilio, The Ladic's swouned, helpe to beare her in. Slow comfort to huge cares, is fwiftest sin.

Bal. Courage, courage sweet Ladie, tis sir Gefferey Balurdo bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an E-430 lephant about a Ladie.

Pan. Dead? Ant. Dead. Alb. Dead?

An. Why now the womb of mischiefe is deliuer'd, Of the prodigious issue of the night.

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. My father dead, my loue attaint of lust: Thats a large lye, as vast as spatious hell: Poore guiltlesse Ladie. O accursed lye. What, whome, whether, which shall I first lament? A deade father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand. Me thinkes I feele the frame of nature shake. Cracks not the ioynts of earth to beare my woes? Alb. Sweet Prince, be patient.

Ant. S'lid fir, I will not in despight of thee. Patience is slaue to fooles: a chaine that's fixt Onely to postes, and fenslesse log-likedolts.

Alb. Tis reasons glorie to commaund affects.

An. Lies thy cold father dead, his gloffed eyes New closed up by thy fad mothers hands? Hast thou a loue as spotlesse as the browe Of clearest heaven, blurd with false defames? Are thy moyst entrals crumpled vp with griefe

 $\bigcap f$

450

Of parching mischiefs? Tel me, does thy hart With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs? Then come and let's sit and weep & wreath our arms: Ile heare thy counsell.

Alb. Take comfort

Ant. Confusion to all comfort: I desie it.

Comfort's a Parasite, a flattring Iack:

And melts resolu'd despaire. O boundlesse woe,

If there be any black yet vnknowen griese:

If there be any horror yet vnfelt,

Vnthought of mischiese in thy siendlike power,

Dash it vpon my miserable heade
Make me more wretch, more cursed if thou canst
O, now my fate is more than I could feare:

My woes more waightie than my soule can beare. Exit

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Al. Why laugh you vncle? Thats my cuz, your ion, Whose brest hangs cased in his cluttered gore.

Pa. True man, true: why, wherfore should I weepe? 47° Come sit, kinde Nephew: come on: thou and I Will talke as Chorus to this tragedic.

Intreat the musick straine their instruments,

With a slight touch whilst we. Say on fair cuz.

Alb. Hewastheveryhopeof Italy, Musick founds softly.

The blooming honour of your drooping age.

P. True cuz, true. They fay that men of hope are crush: Good are supprest by base desertlesse clods, That stifle gasping vertue. Look sweet youth,

How prouident our quick *Venetians* are, Least houes of iades should trample on my boy:

Looke how they lift him up to eminence, Heaue him, boue reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha.

Alb.

The second part of

Alb. Vncle, this laughter ill becomes your griefe. Pan. Would'st have me cry, run raving vp & down, For my fons losse? would'it have me turn rank mad, Or wring my face with mimick action; Stampe, curle, weepe, rage, & then my bosome strike? Away tis apish action, player-like. If hee is guiltleffe, why should teares be spent? 490 Thrice bleffed foule that dyeth innocent. If he is leapred with fo foule a guilt, Why should a figh be lent, a teare be spilt? The gripe of chaunce is weake, to wring a teare, From him that knowes what fortitude should beare. Listen young blood. Tis not true valors pride, To fwagger, quarrell, fweare, stampe, raue, and chide, To stab in fume of blood, to keepe lowde coyle, To bandie factions in domestick broyles, To dare the act of Sins, whose filth excels 500 The blackest customes of blinde Infidels. No, my lou'd youth: he may of valour vaunt; Whom fortunes lowdest thunder can not daunt, Whom fretful gaules of chance, sterne fortunes siege Makes not his reason slinke, the soules faire liege; Whose well pail'd action euer rests vpon Not giddie humours, but discretion. This heart in valour euen Ioue out-goes: *Ioue* is without, but this 'boue fense of woes: And fuch a one eternitie: Behold, 510 Good morrow fonne: thou bidft a fig for colde. Sound lowder musick: let my breath exact, You strike sad Tones vnto this dismall act.

ACT

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

II.i

The Cornets found a cynet.

¶ Enter two mourners with torches, two with fireamers:
Castilio & Forobosco, with torches: a Heralde bearing
Andrugio's helme & sword, the cossin: Maria supported
by Lucio and Alberto, Antonio by himselfe: Pierre and

by Lucio and Alberto, Antonio by himselfe: Piero, and Strozzo talking: Galeatzo and Matzagente, Balurdo & 520 Pandulfo: the coffin set downe: helme, sworde, and streamers hung up, placed by the Herald: whilst Antonio and Maria wet their handkerchers with their teares, kisse them, and lay them on the hearse, kneeling: all goe out but

Piero. Cornets cease, and he speakes.

Pie. R OT ther thou cearcloth that infolds the flesh Of my loath'd foe; moulder to crubling dust: Obliuion choake the passage of thy fame.

Trophees of honor'd birth droppe quickly downe: Let naught of him, but what was vitious, liue.

Though thou art deade, thinke not my hate is dead: I haue but newly twone my arme in the curld locks Of snakie vengeance. Pale beetle-brow'd hate But newly bustles vp. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts. O let me hug my bosome, rub my breast, In hope of what may happe. Andragio rots:

Antonio liues: vmh: how long? ha, ha; how long?

C 3

Ant.

Antonio packt hence, Ile his mother wed, Then cleare my daughter of supposed lust, Wed her to Florence heire. O excellent. Venice, Genoa, Florence, at my becke, At Piero's nod. Balurdo, ô ho.
O, twill be rare, all vnsuspected donne. I have bin nurst in blood, and still have suckt The steeme of reeking gore. Balurdo, ho?

¶Enter Balurdo with a beard, halfe of, halfe on.

Ba. When my beard is on, most noble prince, when my beard is on.

Pier. Why, what dost thou with a beard?

Ba. In truth, one tolde me that my wit was balde, & 550 that a Meremaide was halfe fish, and halfe fish: and therefore to speake wisely, like one of your counsell, as indeede it hath pleased you to make me, not onely being a foole, of your counsell, but also to make me of your counsell, being a foole; If my wit be bald, and a Mermaid be halfe fish and halfe cunger, then I must be forced to conclude the tyring man hath not glewd on my beard halfe fast, enough. Gods bores, it wil not stick to fal off. (while?

Pie Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this 560

Ba. O Lord Duke, I would be forie of that. Many men can vtter that which, no man, but themselues can conceiue: but I thanke a good wit, I have the gift to speake that which neither any man els, nor my selse vnderstands-

Pi. Thou artwise. He that speaks he knows not what, shal neuer sin against his own conscience: go to, thou

art

art wife.

Ba. Wise? O no. I have a little natural discretion, or so: but for wise, I am somewhat prudent: but for wise, 573 ô Lord.

Pie. Hold, take those keyes, open the Castle vault, & put in Mellida.

Bal. And put in Mellida? well, let me alone.

Pi. Bid Forobosco, and Castilio guard, Indeere thy selfe Piero's intimate.

Bal. Indeere, and intimate: good, I assure you. I will indeere and intimate Mellida into the dugeon presettly.

Pie. Will Pandulfo Feliche waite on me?

Ba- I will make him come, most retort and obtuse, to 580 you presently. I thinke, fir *Ieffrey* talks like a counseller. Go to, gods neaks, I thinke I tickle it.

Pie. Ile seeme to winde yon foole with kindest arme. He that's ambitious minded, and but man, Must have his followers beasts, dubd stauish sots: Whose service is obedience, and whose wit Reacheth no further then to admire their Lord, And stare in adoration of his worth. I loue, a slaue rak't out of common mud Should seeme to sit in counsell with my heart. High honour'd blood's too squemish to assent, And lend a hand to an ignoble act. Poyson from roses who could ere abstract? How now Pandulso, weeping for thy sonne?

SCENA SECVNDA.

II.; (cont.)

Enter Pandulfo.

Pan. NO no, Piero, weeping for my finnes: (fonne. Had I bin a good father, he had bin a gratious Pie. Pollution must be purg'd. (flesh,

Pan. Why taintst thou then the ayre with stench of 600 And humane putrifactions noysome sent? I pray his bodie. Who lesse boone can craue, Than to bestowe upon the deade, his graue?

Pie. Graue? why? think'st thou he deserues a graue, That hath defil'd the temple of

Pan. Peace, peace:

Me thinks I heare a humming murmur creepe From out his gelli'd wounds. Looke on those lips, Those now lawne pillowes, on whose tender softnesse, Chaste modest speach, stealing from out his breast, 610 Had wont to rest it selfe, as loath to poast From out so faire an Inne: look, look, they seeme to stir, And breath desyance to black obloquie.

Pie. Think'stthouthy sonne could sufferwrongfully?

Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but neuer wrong

Can take: his breast's of such well tempered proofe,

It may be rac'd, not pearc't by sauage tooth

Of foaming malice: showers of dartes may darke

Heauens ample browe: but not strike out a sparke;

Much lesse pearce the Suns cheek. Such songs as these, 620

T

often dittied till my boy did sleepe:

But now I turne plaine foole (alas) I weepe. (deade:

Pie. Fore heaven he makes me shrug: wold a were He is a vertuous man. What has our court to doe With vertue, in the divels name! Pandulpho, harke. My lustfull daughter dies: start not, she dies. I pursue iustice, I loue fanctitie, And an vndesiled temple of pure thoughts. Shall I speake freely? Good Andrugio's dead: And I doe feare a fetch; but (vmh) would I durst speake. 63c I doe mistrust; but (vmh) death: is he all, all man: Hath he no part of mother in him, ha?

No licorish womanish inquisitiuenesse? Pan. Andrugio's deade!

Pie. I, and I feare, his owne vnnaturall blood,
To whome he gaue life, hath giuen death for life.
How could he come on, I fee false suspect
Is viced; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart.
Well, I could giue you reason for my doubts.
You are of honour'd birth, my very friende.
You know how god-like tis to roote out sin.
Antonio is a villaine. Will you ioyne
In oath with me, against the traitors life,
And sweare, you knewe, he sought his fathers death?
I lou'd him well, yet I loue justice more:
Our friends we should affect, justice adore.

Pan. My Lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibd With court oyle, twill not strike on both sides yet.

Pie. Tis iust that subjectes acte commaunds of kings.

Pan. Commaund then just and honorable things.

Pie.

Pie. Euen so my selfe then will traduce his guilt.

Pan. Beware, take heed least guiltlesse blood be spilt.

Pie. Where onely honest deeds to kings are free,

It is no empire, but a beggery.

Pan. Where more than noble deeds to kings are free,

It is no empire, but a tyranny.

Pie. Tush inicelesse graybeard, tis immunity, Proper to princes, that our state exactes, Our subjects not alone to beare, but praise our acts.

Pan. O, but that prince that worthfull praise aspires, 660

From hearts, and not from lips, applause defires.

Pie. Pish, true praise, the brow of common men doth False, only girts the temple of a king. (ring, He that hath strength, and's ignorant of power, He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.

Pan. Tis praise to doe, not what we can, but should. Pie. Hence doting Stoick: by my hope of blisse,

Ile make thee wretched.

Pan. Defyance to thy power, thou rifted Iawne. Now, by the lou'd heaven, sooner thou shalt Rince thy soule ribs from the black filth of sinne, That soots thy heart, then make me wretched. Pish, Thou canst not coupe me vp. Hadst thou a Iaile With trebble walles, like antick Babilon, Pandulpho can get out. I tell thee Duke, I have ould Fortunatus wishing cappe: And can be where I list, even in a trice. Ile skippe from earth into the armes of heaven: And from tryumphall arch of blessednesse, Spit on thy froathy breast. Thou canst not slave

680

Or banish me; I will be free at home, Maugre the bearde of greatnesse. The port holes Of sheathed spirit are nere corb'd vp: But still stand open readie to discharge Their pretious shot into the shrowds of heauen-

Pie. O torture! slaue, I banish thee the towne,

Thy natiue seate of birth-

Pa. How proud thou speak'st! I tell thee Duke, the blasts
Of the swolne cheekt winds, nor all the breath of kings
Can pusse me out my native seat of birth.

The earth's my bodies, and the heaven's my soules
Most native place of birth, which they will keepe:
Despite the menace of mortalitie-

Why Duke: That's not n

That's not my natiue place, where I was rockt.

A wise mans home is wheresoere he is wise.

Now that, from man, not from the place doth rise.

Pie. Wold I were deafe (ò plague) hence dotard wretch:

Tread not in court. All that thou hast, I seize.

His quiet's firmer then I can disease.

Pan. Goe, boast vnto thy flattring Sycophants;
Pandulpho's slaue, Piero hath orethrowne.
Loose Fortunes rags are lost; my owne's my owne.

¶ Piero's going out, lookes backe. Exeunt at severall

doores.

Tis true Piero, thy vext heart shall fee, Thou hast but tript my slaue, not conquerd mee.

SCE-

SCENA TERTIA.

II. ii

¶ Enter Antonio with a booke, Lucio, Alberto, Antonio in blacke. 710

Alb. NAY fweet be comforted, take counfell and Ant. Alberto, peace: that griefe is wanton fick, Whose stomacke can digest and brooke the dyet Of stale ill relisht counsell. Pigmie cares Can shelter under patience shield: but gyant griefes Will burst all couert.

Lu. My Lord, tis supper time.

Ant. Drinke deepe Alberto: eate, good Lucio: But my pin'd heart shall eat on naught but woe.

Alb. My Lord, we dare not leave you thus alone.

Ant. You cannot leaue Antonio alone. The chamber of my breast is even through, With firme attendance, that forsweares to slinch. I have a thing sits here; it is not griefe, Tis not despaire, nor the most plague That the most wretched are infected with: But the most greefull, despairing, wretched, Accursed, miserable. O, for heavens sake Forsake me now; you see how light I am, And yet you force me to desame my patience.

Lu. Faire gentle prince

Ant. Away, thy voice is hatefull: thou dost buzze,

 $\operatorname{\mathsf{And}}
olimits$

720

And beat my cares with intimations That Mellida, that Mellida is light, And stained with adulterous luxury: I cannot brook't. I tell the Lucio, Sooner will I give faith, that vertue's fcant In princes courts, will be adorn'd with wreath Of choyce respect, and indeerd intimate. Sooner will I believe that friendships raine. 740 Will curbe ambition from vtilitie, Then Mellida is light. Alas poore foulc, Didft ere fee her (good heart; haft heard her speake? Kinde, kinde foule. Incredulitie it selfe Would not be so brasse hearted, as suspect so modelt Lu. My Lord

Ant. Away, a selfe-one guilt doth onely hatch distrust: But a chafte thought's as farre from doubt, as luft.

I intreat you leaue me.

Alb. Will you endeauour to forget your griefe? 750 Ant. Ifaith I will, good friend, Ifaith I will. Ile come and eate with you. Alberto, see, I am taking Physicke, heer's Philosophie. Good honest leave me, Ile drinke wine anone.

Alb. Since you enforce vs, faire prince, we are gone. Exeunt Alberto and Lucio.

¶ Antonio reades.

A. Ferte fortiter: hoc est quo deum antecedatis. Ille enim extra patientiam malorum; vos supra. Contemnite dolorem: aut soluetur, aut soluet. Contemnite fortună: nullu telu, quo 760 feriret animum habet.

Pish, thy mother was not lately widdowed,

Thy

Thy deare affied loue, lately defam'd,
With blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot'st thus.
Thou wrapt in furres, beaking thy lymbs' fore fiers,
Forbidst the froze Zone to shudder. Ha,ha: tis naught,
But somie bubling of a sleamie braine,
Naught els but smoake. O what danke marrish spirit,
But would be fyred with impatience,
At my No more, no more: he that was neuer blest,
With height of birth, faire expectation
Of mounted fortunes, knowes not what it is
To be the pittied object of the worlde.
O, poore Antonio, thou maist sigh.

Mell. Aye me.

Ant- And curse.

Pan. Black powers.

Ant. And cry.

Ma. O heauen.

Ant. And close laments with

Alb. O me most miserable.

Pan. Woe for my deare deare fonne.

Mar. Woe for my deare, deare husband.

Mel. Woe for my deare deare loue.

Ant. Woe for meall, close all your woes in me:

780

790

In me Antonio, ha? Where live these sounds? I can see nothing; griese's invisible,

And lurkes in fecret angles of the heart-

Come figh againe, Antonio beares his part.

Mell. O here, here is a vent to passe my fighes. I have surcharg'd the dungeon with my plaints. Prison, and heart will burst, if void of vent-

I, that is *Phwbe*, empresse of the night,
That gins to mount; ô chastest deitie:
If I be false to my *Antonio*,
If the least soyle of lust smeers my pure loue,
Make me more wretched, make me more accurst
Then infamie, torture, death, hell and heauen
Can bound with amplest power of thought: if not,
Purge my poore heart, with defamations blot.

Ant. Purge my poore heart from defamations blot! Poore heart, how like her vertuous felfe she speakes. Mellida, deare Mellida, it is Antonio:

Slinke not away, tis thy Antonio.

Mel. How found you out, my Lord (alas) I knowe Tis easie in this age, to finde out woe.

I have a fute to you.

Ant. What is't, deare foule?

Mell. Kill me, Ifaith Ile winke, not stir a iot-For God sake kill mee: insooth, lou'd youth, I am much iniur'd; looke, see how I creepe. I cannot wreake my wrong, but sigh and weepe-

An. May I be curfed, but I credit thee.

Mell. To morrowe I must die-

An. Alas, for what?

Mell. For louing thee; tis true my fweetest breast-I must die falsely: so must thou, deare heart. Nets are a knitting to intrappe thy life. Thy fathers death must make a Paradice To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me sweet, Shall I die thine? dost loue mee still, and still?

820

Ant. I doe.

Mell. Then welcome heavens will.

Ant. Madam, I will not swell like a Tragedian, in for-

ced passion of affected straines.

If I had present power of ought but pittying you, I would be as readie to redresse your wrongs, as to pursue your loue. Throngs of thoughts crowde for their passage, somewhat I will doe.

Reach me thy hand: thinke this is honors bent,

To line vnslau'd, to die innocent.

Mel. Let me entreat a fauour, gratious loue. Be patient, see me die, good doe not weepe: Goe sup, sweete chuck, drinke, and securely sleepe.

Ant. I faith I cannot, but Ile force my face

To palliate my ficknesse.

Mell. Giue me thy hand. Peace on thy bosome dwel: Thats all my woe can breath: kisse. Thus farewell.

Ant. Farewell: my heart is great of thoughts,

Stay doue:

And therefore I must speake: but what? ô Loue! By this white hand: eno more: reade in these teares, What crushing anguish thy *Antonio* beares.

Antonio kisseth Mellida's hand: then Mellida

goes from the grate.

Mel. God night good harte. (part. Ant. Thus heate from blood, thus foules from bodies ¶ Enter Piero and Strozzo.

Pie. Hegreeues, laughe Strozzo: laugh, heweepes. Hath he teares? ô pleasure! hath he teares? Now doe I scourge Andrugio with steele whips

Of

850

830

Of knottie vengeance. Strozzo, cause me straight Some plaining dittie to augment despaire.

Tryumph Piero: harke, he groanes, ô rare!

Ant. Beholde a prostrate wretch laid on his toumbe.

His Epitaph, thus; Ne plus vltra. Ho.

Let none out-woe me: mine's Herculean woe.

CANTANT.

Exit Piero at the end of the fong.

SCENA QVARTA.

11. ii (15111.)

¶ Enter Maria.

861

Ant. MAY I be more curfed then heaven can make If I am not more wretched (me;

Then man can conceiue me. Sore forlorne

Orphant, what omnipotence can make thee happie?

Mar. How now sweete sonne? good youth,

what dost thou?

Ant. Weepe, weepe.

Mar. Dost naught but weepe, weepe?

Ant. Yes mother, I do figh, and wring my hands, 870 Beat my poore breast, and wreath my tender armes. Harke yee; He tel you wondrous strange, strage news.

Ma. What my good boy, starke mad?

Ant- I am not.

Ma. Alas, is that strange newes?

Ant

Ant. Strange news? why mother, is't not wondrous I am not mad? I run not frantick, ha? Knowing my fathers trunke scarce colde, your loue Is fought by him that doth purfue my life? Seeing the beautie of creation, 880 Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stoad Vnder the hatches of obscuring earth. Heu quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!

¶ Enter Piero-

Pie. Good evening to the faire Antonio, Most happie fortune, sweete succeeding time, Rich hope: think not thy fate a bankrout though Ant. Vmh, the diuell in his good time and tide for-

fake thee.

Pie. How now? harke yee Prince.

890

900

An. God be with you.

Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope yee not suspect

An. Suspect, I scorn't. Here's cap & leg; good night: Thou that wants power, with diffemblance fight.

Exit Antonio.

Pier. Madam, O that you could remeber to forget Ma. I had a husband and a happie sonne.

Pi. Most powreful beautie, that inchanting grace Ma. Talke not of beautie, nor inchanting grace.

My husband's deade, my son's distraught, accurst. Come, I must vent my griefes, or heart will burst. Exit Maria.

Pie. Shee's gone (& yet she's here) she hath left a print Of her sweete graces fixt within my heart, As fresh as is her face. Ile marrie her.

Shee's

Shee's most fair, true, most chaste, most false: because Most faire, tis sirme lle marrie her.

SCENA QVINTA. | Enter Strotzo.

Str. MY Lord.

Piero. Ha, Strotzo, my other foule, my life,
Deare, haft thou steel'd the point of thy resolue?

Wilt not turne edge in execution?

Str. No.

Pie. Doe it with rare passion, and present thy guilt, As if twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe. Sweare that my daughter's innocent of lust, And that Antonio brib'd thee to defame Her maiden honour, on inueterate hate Vnto my bloode; and that thy hand was feed By his large bountie, for his fathers death. Sweare plainly that thou chok'th Andrugio, By his sons onely egging. Rush me in Whil'st Mellida prepares her selfe to die: Halter about thy necke, and with such sighs, Laments and acclamations lysen it, As if impulsiue power of remorse

Str. Ile weepe.

Pie. I,I,fall on thy face and cry; why suffer you So lewde a slaue as *Strotzo* is to breath?

Str. Ile beg a strangling, growe importunate

Pie. As if thy life were loathsome to thee: then I Catch straight the cords end; and, as much incens'd With thy damn'd mischieses, offer a rude hand,

E 2 As

92

As readie to girde in thy pipe of breath: But on the fodaine straight Ile stand amaz'd, And fall in exclamations of thy vertues.

Str. Applaud my agonies, and penitence.

Pie. Thy honest stomack, that could not disgest The crudities of murder: but surcharg'd, Vomited'st them vp in Christian pietie.

Str. Then clip me in your armes.

Pie. And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state, Make thee of counsell; tut, tut, what not, what not? Thinke ont, be consident, pursue the plot.

Str. Looke here's a troop, a true rogues lips are mute.

I doe not vse to speake, but execute.

He layes finger on his mouth, and drawes his dagger.

Pie. So, so; run headlong to confusion:

Thou flight brain'd mischiefe, thou art made as durt, 950 To plaster vp the bracks of my defects.

Ile wring what may be squeas od from out his vse:

And good night Strozzo. Swell plump bold heart.

For now thy tide of vengeance rowleth in:

O now Tragadia Cothurnata mounts.

Piero's thoughts are fixt on dire exploites.

Pell mell: confusion, and black murder guides The organs of my spirit: shrinke not heart.

Capienda rebus in malis præceps via est.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

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ACT. III. SCEN. I.

III.

¶ A dumbe showe. The cornets sounding for the Acte. ¶ Enter Castilio and Forobosco, Alberto and Balurdo, with polanes: Strozzo talking with Piero, feemeth to fend out Strotzo. Exit Strotzo. Enter Strotzo, Maria, Nutriche, and Luceo. Piero paffeth through his guard, and talkes with her with feeming amorou[neffe: she feemeth to reject his fuite, flyes to the toumbe, kneeles, and kiffeth it. Piero bribes Nutriche and Lucio: they goe to her, feeming to folicite his suite. She riseth, offers to goe out, Piero stay- 970 eth her, teares open his breast, imbraceth and kisseth her, and so they goe all out in State.

I Enter two pages, the one with two tapers, the other with a chafing dish: a perfume in it. Antonio, in his night gowne, and a night cap, unbrac't, following after.

An. THE black iades of fwart night trot foggy rings Bout heavens browe. (12) Tis now starke deade night.

Is this Saint Markes Church?

1. Pa. It is, my Lord.

Ant. Where stands my fathers hearse?

2. Pa. Those streamers bearehis armes. I, that is it.

Ant. Set tapers to the toumbe, & lampe the Church-Giue me the fire. Now depart and fleepe. Exeunt pages.

I purifie the ayre with odorous fume. (weight. Graues, valts, and toumbes, groane not to beare my Colde flesh, bleake trunkes, wrapt in your half-rot shrowdes, I presse you foftly, with a tender foote. Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch, 990 Leaue to weepe ore thee. Toumb, lle not be long Ere I creepe in thee, and with bloodlesse lips Kisse my cold fathers cheeke. I pree thee, graue, Prouide foft mould to wrap my carcasse in. Thou royal spirit of Andrugio, where ere thou houerst (Ayrie intellectt) I heave vp tapers to thee (viewe thy In celebration of dewe obsequies. ion) Once euery night, Ile dewe thy funerall hearse With my religious teares. O bleffed father of a curfed fon, 1000 Thou diedst most happie, since thou livedst not To fee thy fonne most wretched, and thy wife Pursu'd by him that seekes my guiltlesse blood. O, in what orbe thy mightie spirit soares, Stoop and beat downe this rising fog of shame, That striues to blur thy blood, and girt defame About my innocent and spotlesse browes. Non est mori miserum, sed miserè mori. And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my cerecloth vp: And loe the ghoaft of ould Andrugio 1010 Forfakes his coffin. Antonio, reuenge-I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand: Reuenge my bloode; take spirit gentle boy: Reuenge my bloode. Thy Mellida, is chafte: Only

Onely to frustrate thy pursuite in loue, Is blaz'd vnchaste. Thy mother yeelds consent To be his wife, & giue his bloode a sonne, That made her husbandlesse, and doth complot To make her sonlesse: but before I touch The banks of rest, my ghost shall visite her.

Thou vigor of my youth, inyce of my loue, Seize on reuenge, graspe the sterne bended front Of frowning vengeance, with vnpaized clutch. Alarum Nemesis, rouze vp thy blood, Inuent some stratageme of vengeance:

Which but to thinke on, may like lightning glide, With horor through thy breast; remember this. Scelera non vleisceris, nisi vincis. Exit Andrugio's ghost.

SCENA SECVNDA.

III. i (cent.

¶ Enter Maria, her haire about her eares: Nutriche, 1030 and Lucio, with Pages, and torches.

Ma. VVHERE left you him? shewe mee good boyes, away.

Nut. Gods mee, your haire.

Ma. Nurse, tis not yet prowde day:
The neat gay miltes of the light's not vp,
Her cheekes not yet slurd ouer with the paint
Of borrowed crimsone; the vnpranked world

Wears

E4

Wears yet the night-cloathes: let flare my loosed hair. I scorne the presence of the night. 1040 Where's my boy? Run: Ile range about the Church, Like frantick Bachanell, or Iasens wife, Inuoking all the spirits of the graues, To tell me where. Hah? O my poore wretched blood, What dost thou vp at midnight, my kinde boy? Deare foule, to bed: ô thou hast struck a fright Vnto thy mothers panting O quisquis noua Supplicia functis dirus vmbrarum arbiter Disponis, quisquis exeso iaces 1050 Pauidus sub antri, quisquis venturi times Montis ruinam, quisquis auidorum feres, Rictus leonum, & dira furiarum agmina Implicitus horres, Antonii vocem excipe Properantis ad vos Vlciscar. Ma. Alas my fon's diftraught. Sweete boy appeafe Thy mutining affections. Ant. By the astonning terror of swart night, By the infectious damps of clammie graues, And by the mould that present downe 1060 My deade fathers sculle: Ile be reueng'd. Ma. Wherefore? on whom? for what? go, go to bed Good dutious sonne. Ho, but thy idle An. So I may sleepe toumb'd in an honour'd hearse, So may my bones rest in that Sepulcher, Ma. Forget not dutie sonne: to bed, to bed. An. May I be curfed by my fathers ghost, And blafted with incenfed breath of heaven,

1670

If my heart beat on ought but vengeance, May I be numd with horror, and my vaines Pucker with finging torture, if my braine Difgest a thought, but of dire vengeance: May I be fetter'd flaue to coward Chaunce, If blood, heart, braine, plot ought faue vengeance.

Ma. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou fleepit Ifaith thou look'ft funk-ey'd; go couch thy head: Now faith tis idle: fweet, fweet fonne to bed.

Ant. I have a prayer or two, to offer vp, For the good, good Prince, my most deare, dear Lord, The Duke Piero, and your vertuous felfe: And then when those prayers have obtain'd successe, In footh Ile come (beleeue it now) and couch My heade in downie moulde: but first He see You fafely laide. He bring yee all to bed. Piero, Maria, Strotzo, Luceo, Ile fee you all laid: Ile bringe you all to bed, And then, ifaith, Ile come and couch my head, And fleepe in peace.

Ma. Looke then, wee goe before.

Exeunt all but Antonio.

1090 Ant. I, so you must, before we touch the shore Of wisht reuenge. O you departed soules, That lodge in coffin'd trunkes, which my feet presse (If Pythagorian Axiomes be true, Of spirits transmigration) fleete no more To humane bodies, rather live in fwine, Inhabit wolues flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads, Rather then man. The curse of heaven raines

In plagues vnlimitted through all his daies. His mature age growes onely mature vice, IIoo And ripens onely to corrupt and rot The budding hopes of infant modeftie-Still striuing to be more then man, he prooues More then a diuell, diuelish suspect, diuelish crueltie: All hell-straid iuyce is powred to his vaines, Making him drunke with fuming furquedries, Contempt of heaven, vntam'd arrogance, Lust, state, pride, murder.

And. Murder.

Fel. Murder.

Fel. Murder.

From aboue and beneath.

Pa. Murder.

Ant. I, I will murder: graues and ghosts Fright me no more, Ile fuck red vengeance Out of Pieros wounds Piero's wounds.

Enter two boyes, with Piero in his night gown & night cap.

Pie. Maria, loue Maria: she tooke this Ile.

Left you her here? On lights: away:

I thinke we shall not warme our beds to day.

¶ Enter Iulio, Forobosco, and Castilio.

Iul. Ho, father? father?

Pie. How now Iulio, my little prettie sonne?

Why fuffer you the childe to walke so late.

Foro. He will not fleepe, but cals to followe you,

Crying that bug-beares & spirits haunted him.

Antonio offers to come nere and stab, Piero presently Ant. No, not fo. (withdrawes.

This shall be sought for; He force him feede on life Till he shall loath it. This shall be the close

Of

IIIo

Ofvengeance straine.

Pie. Away there: Pages, leade on fait with light.
The Church is full of damps: tis yet deade night.

Exit all, fauing Iulio.

SCENA TERTIA.

III. i (...nr.)

1150

1120

Iul. BROTHER Antonio, are you here ifaith? Why doe you frowne? Indeed my fifter faid, That I should call you brother, that she did, When you were married to her. Busse me; good Truth, I loue you better then my father, deede.

Ant. Thy father? Gratious, o bounteous heaven!

I doe adore thy Iustice; Venit in nostras manus

Tandem vindicta, venit & tota quidem.

Iul- Truth, fince my mother dyed, I lou'd you belt. Something hath angred you; pray you look merily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thinne cheeke, With capring ioy; chuck, my heart doth leape To grafpe thy bosome. Time, place, and blood, How fit you close togither! Heavens tones Strike not such musick to immortall soules, As your accordance sweetes my breast withall. Me thinks I pase vpon the front of Ioue, And kick corruption with a scornefull heele, Griping this slesh, disdaine mortalitie. O that I knewe which ioynt, which side, which lim Were sather all, and had no mother in't: That I might rip it vaine by vaine; and carue reuenge In bleeding races: but since 'tis mixt together, Haue at aduenture, pel mell, no reuerse.

Taue at addenture, per men, no rederie.

Come hither boy. This is Andrugio's hearfe.

Iul. O God, youle hurt me. For my fifters fake, Pray you doe not hurt me. And you kill me, deede, 1160 Ile tell my father

An. O, for thy fifters fake, I flagge reuenge.

Andr. Reuenge.

Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more. Reuenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth, And cleares his heart. Come, prettie tender childe, It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill-Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines, Is it I loath; is that, Reuenge must sucke. I loue thy soule: and were thy heart lapt vp In any slesh, but in Piero's bloode, I would thus kisse it: but being his: thus, thus, And thus Ile punch it. Abandon feares. Whil'st thy wounds bleede, my browes shall gush out teares.

Iuli. So you will loue me, doe euen what you will.

Ant. Now barkes the Wolfe against the full cheekt
Moone.

Now Lyons halfe-clamd entrals roare for food.

Now croakes the toad, & night-crowes screech aloud, 1180
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing soules.

Now gapes the graues, and through their yawnes let Imprison'd spirits to reuisit earth: (loose And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out, Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes.

From under the stage a groane.

Ant. Howle not thou pury mould, groan not ye graues.

Be

Be dumbe all breath. Here stands Andrugio's sonne, Worthie his father. So: I feele no breath-His iawes are falne, his dislodg'd foule is fled: 1190 And now there's nothing, but Piero, left. He is all Piero, father all. This blood, This breast, this heart, Piero all: Whome thus I mangle. Spright of Iulyo, Forget this was thy trunke. I live thy friend. Maist thou be twined with the softst imbrace Of cleare eternitie: but thy fathers blood, I thus make incense of, to vengeance. Ghost of my poysoned Syre, sucke this fume: To fweete reuenge perfume thy circling ayre, 1200 With smoake of bloode. I sprinkle round his goare, And dewe thy hearfe, with thefe fresh reeking drops. Loe thus I heave my blood-died handes to heaven: Euen like infatiate hell, still crying; More. My heart hath thirsting Dropsies after goare. Sound peace, and rest, to Church, night ghosts, and graues. Blood cries for bloode; and murder murder craues.

SCENA OVARTA.

111. ii

¶Enter two Pages with torches. Marya, her hayre loofe, 1210 and Nutriche.

Nut. FY, fie; to morrowe your wedding day, and weepe! Gods my comfort. Andrugio could do well: Piero may doe better. I have had foure husbands F٦

my felfe. The first I called, Sweete Duck; the second, Deare Heart; the third, Prettie Pugge: But the fourth, most sweete, deare, prettie, all in all: he was the verie cockeall of a husband. What, Ladie? your skinne is smooth, your bloode warme, your cheeke fresh, your eye quick: change of pasture makes fat calues: choice 1220 of linnen, cleane bodies; and (no question) variety of husbands perfect wives. I would you should knowe it, as fewe teeth as I have in my heade, I have red Aristotles Problemes, which saith; that woman receiveth perfection by the man. What then be the men? Goe to, to bed, lye on your backe, dream not on Piero. I say no more: to morrowe is your wedding: doe, dreame not of Piero.

¶ Enter Balurdo with a base Vyole.

Ma. What an idle prate thou keep'st? good nurse 1230 goe sleepe.

I have a mightie taske of teares to weepe.

Bal. Ladie, with a most retort and obtuse legge I kisse the curled locks of your loose haire. The Duke hath sent you the most musicall sir Gessery, with his not base, but most innobled Viole, to rock your baby thoughts in the Cradle of sleepe.

Ma. I give the noble Duke respective thanks.

Bal. Respective; truely a verie prettie word. Indeed Madam, I have the most respective fiddle. Did you e-1240 uer smell a more sweete sounde. My dittie must goe thus; verie wittie, I assure you: I my selfe in an humorous passion made it, to the tune of my mistresse Nutriches beautie. Indeede, verie prettie, verie retort, and ob-

Antonio and Mellida. obtuse; Ile assure you tis thus. My mistresse eye doth oyle my ioynts, And makes my fingers nimble: O love, come on, untrusse your points, My fiddlestick mants Rozzen. My Ladies dugges are all so smooth, 1250 That no flesh must them handle: Her eyes doe shine, for to say sooth, Like a newe snuffed candle. Mar. Truelie, verie patheticall, and vnuulgar. Ba. Patheticall, and vnuulgar; words of worth, excellent words. In footh, Madam, I have taken a murre, which makes my nofe run most patheticallie, and vnvulgarlie. Haue you anie Tobacco? Ma. Good Signior, your fong. Ba. Instantlie, most vnvulgarlie, at your seruice. 1260 Truelie, here's the most patheticall rozzen. Vmh. CANTANT. Ma. In footh, most knightlie fung, & like fir Gefferey. Ba. Why, looke you Ladie, I was wade a knight only for my voice; & a counseller, only for my wit. Ma. I beleeue it. God night, gentle fir, god night. Bal. You will give me leave to take my leave of my mistresse, and I will do it most famously in rime. Farewell, adieu: Saith thy love true, As to part loath. 1270 Time bids vs parte, Mine owne sweete heart, Exit Balurdo. God bleffe vs both. Ma. God night Nutriche. Pages, leave the roome.

The life of night growes short, tis almost dead. Exeunt Pages and Nutriche.

The fecond part of

O thou cold widdowe bed, fometime thrice blest, By the warme pressure of my sleeping Lord: Open thy leaves, and whilst on thee I treade, Groane out. Alas, my deare *Andrugio's* deade.

Maria draweth the courtaine: and the ghost of 1280 Andrugio is displayed, sitting on the bed.

Amazing terror, what portent is this?

SCENA QVINTA.

III. ii (cont.)

1290

And. DISLOYAL to our Hymniall rites, What raging heat rains in thy strupet blood?

Hast thou so soone forgot Andrugio?
Are our loue-bands so quickly cancelled?
Where liues thy plighted faith vnto this breast?
O weake Marya! Go to, calme thy feares.
I pardon thee, poore soule. O shed no teares,
Thy sex is weake. That black incarnate siende
May trippe thy faith, that hath orethrowne my life:
I was impoyson'd by Piero's hand.
Ioyne with my sonne, to bend up straind reuenge.

Maintaine a feeming fauour to his fuite, Till time may forme our vengeance absolute.

¶ Enter Antonio, his armes bloody: a torch and a poniard.

An. See, vnamaz'd, I will beholde thy face, Outstare the terror of thy grimme aspect, Daring the horred'st object of the night. Looke how I smoake in blood, reeking the steame

1300

Of

Of foming vengeance. O my foule's inthroan'd In the tryumphant chariot of reuenge. Me thinks I am all ayre, and feele no waight Of humane dirt clogge. This is *Iulio's* bloode. Rich mufique, father; this is *Iulio's* blood. Why liues that mother?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly deare Antonio:
Once more assume disguise, and dog the Court
In fained habit, till Piero's blood
May euen ore-flowe the brimme of full reuenge.

Exit Antonio.

Peace, and all bleffed fortunes to you both.
Fly thou from Court, be pearelesse in reuenge:
Sleepe thou in rest, loe here I close thy couch.

Exit Maria to her bed, Andrugio drawing the

Curtaines.

And now yee footie coursers of the night,
Hurrie your chariot into hels black wombe.

Darkenesse, make flight; Graues, cat your dead again:
Let's repossesse our shrowdes. Why lags delay?

Mount sparkling brightnesse, giue the world his day.

Exit Andrugio.

Explicit Actus tertius.

G

ACT.

ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

IV. i

1330

¶ Enter Antonio in a fooles habit, with a little toy of a walnut shell, and sope, to make bubbles: Maria, and Alberto.

Ma. A WAY with this difguise in any hand. Alb. A Fie, tis vnsuting to your elate spirite: Rather put on some transshap't caualier, Some habit of a spitting Critick, whose mouth Voids nothing but gentile and vnuulgar Rheume of censure: rather assume

Ant. Why then should I put on the verie flesh Of solid folly. No, this cockscombe is a crowne Which I affect, euen with vnbounded zeale.

Al. Twil twhart your plot, disgrace your high resolue.

An. By wisdomes heart there is no essence mortal, 1340 That I can enuie, but a plumpe cheekt foole:

O, he hath a patent of immunities

Confirm'd by custome, seald by pollicie,

As large as spatious thought.

Alb. You can not presse among the courtiers, And have accesse to

An. What? not a foole? Why friend, a golden affe, A babl'd foole are fole canonicall, Whil'st pale cheekt wisdome, and leane ribd arte

Are

Are kept in distance at the halberts point: 1350 All held *Apocrypha*, not worth furuey. Why, by the Genius of that Florentine, Deepe, deepe obseruing, found brain'd Macheneil, He is is not wife that striues not to seeme foole. When will the Duke holde feed Intelligence, Keepe warie observation in large pay, To dogge a fooles act? Mar. I, but fuch faining, known, difgraceth much. An. Pish, most things that morally adhere to soules, VVholly exift in drunke opinion: 1360 VVhose reeling censure, if I valew not, It valewes naught. Ma. You are transported with too light a thought, If you but meditate of what is palt, And what you plot to passe. Ant. Euen in that, note a fooles beatitude: He is not capeable of passion, VVanting the power of distinction, He beares an vnturnd fayle with enery winde: Blowe East, blowe West, he stirs his course alike. 1370 I neuer fawe a foole leane: the chub-fac't fop Shines fleeke with full cramm'd fat of happinesse, Whil'st studious contemplation sucks the iuyce From wifards cheekes: who making curious fearch For Natures fecrets, the first innating cause Laughes them to scorne, as man doth busie Apes When they will zanie men. Had heauen bin kinde, Creating me an honest senselesse dolt, A good poore foole, I should want sense to feele The G 2

The stings of anguish shoot through every vaine, I should not know what twere to loose a father: I should be deade of sense, to viewe defame Blur my bright loue; I could not thus run mad, As one confounded in a maze of mischiefe, Staggerd, starke feld with brusing stroke of chance. I should not shoote mine eyes into the earth, Poring for mischiefe, that might counterpoise

Enter Luceo.

mischiefe, murder and How now Lucio?

Lu. My Lord, the Duke, with the Venetian States, 1390 Approach the great hall to iudge Mellida.

Ant. Askt he for Iulio yet?

Lu. No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?

An. Alberto, see you streight rumour me dead:

Leaue me, good mother, leaue me Luceo, Forsake me all. Now patience hoope my sides,

Exeunt omnes, saving Antonio.
With steeled ribs, least I doe burst my breast
With struggling passions. Now disguise stand bolde.
Poore scorned habits, oft choyce soules infould.

¶ The Cornets found a Cynet.

SCENA SECVNDA. 11.;

IV. i (cont.)

I400

¶ Enter Castilio, Forobosco, Balurdo, & Alberto, with polaxes: Luceo bare. Piero & Maria talking together: two Senators, Galeatzo, and Matzagente, Nutriche.

Pie,

Pie. INTREAT me not: ther's not a beauty lines, Hath that imperiall predominance Ore my affectes, as your inchanting graces: Yet giue me leaue to be my felfe.

Ant. A villaine.

Pier. Iust.

Ant. Most just.

Pie. Most iust and vpright in our iudgement scat. Were Mellida mine eye, with such a blemith Of most loath'd loosenesse, I would scratch it out. Produce the strumpet in her bridall robes, That she may blush t'appeare so white in showe, And blacke in inward substance. Bring her in.

Exeunt Forobosco and Castilio.

I holde Antonio, for his fathers fake,
So verie dearely, fo entirely choyce,
That knewe I but a thought of preiudice,
Imaigin'd 'gainst his high innobled blood,
I would maintaine a mortall feude, vndying hate
Gainst the conceiners life. And shall Instice sleepe
In sleshly Lethargie, for myne owne bloods fauour,
When the sweete prince hath so apparant scorne
By my (I wil not call her) daughter. Goe,
Conduct in the loued youth Antonio:

Exit Alberto to fetch Antonio.

He shall beholde me spurne my priuate good. *Piero* loues his honour more then's blood.

Ant. The diuell he does more then both.

Ba. Stand backe there, foole; I do hate a foole most most pathetically. O these that have no sappe of of re-

G₃ tort

1420

1410

tort and obtuse wit in them: faugh.

Ant. Puffe, holde world: puffe, hold bubble; Puffe, holde world: puffe, breake not behinde: puffe, thou art full of winde; puffe, keepe vp by winde: puffe, 'tis broake: & now I laugh like a good foole at the breath 1440 of mine owne lips, he, he, he, he, he.

Bal. You foole.

Ant. You foole, puffe.

Ba. I cannot difgest thee, the vnuulgar foole. Goe foole.

Pier. Forbeare, Balurdo, let the foole alone.

Come hither (ficto) Is he your foole?

Ma. Yes, my lou'd Lord.

Pi. Would all the States in Venice were like thee.

O then I were fecur'd.

He that's a villaine, or but meanely fowl'd, Must stil converse, and cling to routes of fooles, That can not search the leakes of his defectes.

O, your vnfalted fresh foole is your onely man:

These vinegar tart spirits are too pearcing,

Too fearthing in the vnglewd ioynts of shaken wits.

Finde they a chinke, they'l wriggle in and in, And eat like falt fea in his fiddowe ribs, Till they have opened all his rotten parts, Vnto the vaunting furge of base contempt,

And funke the toffed galleasse in depth

Of whirlepoole Scorne. Giue me an honest fopp:

Dud a dud a? why loe sir, this takes he As grateful now, as a Monopolie.

SCE-

1450

SCENA TERTIA.

IF.i (cont.)

¶ The still flutes found foftly.
¶ Enter Forobosco, and Castilio: Mellida supported by two waiting women.

Mell. ALL honour to this royall confluence.

Pie. AForbeare (impure) to blot bright honours 1470

With thy defiled lips. The fluxe of finne (name,
Flowes from thy tainted bodie: thou so foule,
So all dishonour'd, canst no honour giue,
No wish of good, that can haue good effect
To this graue senate, and illustrate bloodes.

Why staies the doome of death?

1. Sen. Who rifeth vp to manifest her guilt?

2. Sen. You must produce apparant proofe, my Lord.

Pie. Why, where is Strotzo? he that swore he saw
The verie acte: and vow'd that Feliche sled
Vpon his sight: on which, I brake the breast
Of the adulterous letcher, with fiue stabbes.
Goe fetch in Strotzo. Now thou impudent,
If thou hast any droppe of modest bloode
Shrowded within thy cheeks; blush, blush for shame,
That rumor yet may say, thou felt'st defame.

Mell. Produce the diuel; let your Strotzo come: I can defeat his strongest argument,

VVhich

Pie.

Pie. With what?

(hands, 1490

Mell. With teares, with blushes, sighes, & clasped With innocent vpreared armes to heaven: With my vnnookt simplicitie. These, these Must, will, can only quit my heart of guilt. Heaven permits not taintlesse blood be spilt. If no remorse live in your savage breast Piera. Then thou must die

Piero. Then thou must die Mell. Yet dying, Ile be blest.

Piero. Accurft by me.

Mell. Yet bleft, in that I stroue

I 500

To liue, and die

Pie. My hate.
Mell. Antonyo's loue.

Ant. Antonio's loue!

¶ Enter Strotzo, a corde about his necke.

Stro. O what vast ocean of repentant teares
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of vicerous sinne! Supreame Efficient,
Why cleau'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wingd reuenge?

Pie. What meanes this passion?

An. What villanie are they decocting now? Vmh.

Str. In me convertite ferrum, O proceres.

Nihil iste, nec ista.

Pie- Lay holde on him. What strange portent is this?

Str. I will not flinch. Death, hel more grimly stare Within my heart, then in your threatning browes-Record, thou threefolde garde of dreadest power, What I here speake, is forced from my lips,

By

By the pulfiue straine of conscience, 1720 I have a mount of mischiefe clogs my soule, As waightie as the high-nol'd Appenine: Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst. I have defam'd this Ladie wrongfully, By instigation of Antonio: Whose reeling loue, tost on each fancies surge, Began to loath before it fully loyed. Exit Forobosco. Pie. Goe, scize Antonio, guard him strongly in. Str. By his ambition, being only brib'd, 1530 Feed by his impious hand, I poyfoned His aged father: that his thirstie hope Might quench their dropfie of aspiring drought, With full vnbounded quaffe. Pie. Seize me Antonio. Str. O why permit you now fuch fcum of filth As Strotzo is, to live, and taint the ayre, With his infectious breath! Pie. My selfe will be thy strangler, vnmatcht slaue. ¶ Piero comes from his chaire, snatcheth the cords end, & 1540 Castilio aydeth him; both strangle Strotzo. Str. Now change your Pie. I, pluck Castilio: I change my humour? plucke Castilio. Dye, with thy deathes intreats even in thy lawes. Now, now, now, now, my plot begins to worke. Why, thus should States-men doe, That cleaue through knots of craggie pollicies, Vse men like wedges, one strike out another;

Till

Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunke Be riu'd in funder. Where's Antonio?

1550

¶ Enter Alberto, running.

Alb. O black accurfed fate. Antonyo's drown'd.

Pie. Speake, on thy faith, on thy allegeance, speake.

Alb. As I doe loue Piero, he is drownde.

Ant. In an inundation of amazement.

Mell. I, is this the close of all my straines in loue? O me most wretched maide.

Pie. Antonio drownde? how? how? Antonio drownd?

Alb. Diffraught and rauing, from a turrets top
He threwe his bodie in the high fwolne fea,
And as he headlong topsie turuie dingd downe,
He still cri'd Mellida.

Ant. My loues bright crowne.

Mell. He still cry'd Mellida?

(ioy,

Pier. Daughter, me thinks your eyes should sparkle Your bosome rise on tiptoe at this news.

Mell. Aye me.

Pie. How now? Ay me? why, art not great of thanks
To gratious heauen, for the iust reuenge

Vpon the author of thy obloquies!

Ma. Sweete beautie, I could figh as fast as you, But that I knowe that, which I weepe to knowe, His fortunes should be such he dare not showe His open presence.

Mell. I knowe he lou'd me dearely, dearely, I:

And fince I cannot liue with him, I dye.

Pie. Fore heauen, her speach falters, look she swouns. Conuey her vp into her private bed.

Maria,

Maria, Nutriche, and the Ladies beare out Mellida, 1980 as being swouned. I hope sheele liue. If not An-Antonio's dead, the foole wil follow too, he, he, he. Now workes the sceane; quick observation scud To coate the plot, or els the path is lost: My verie felfe am gone, my way is fled: I, all is loft, if Mellida is deade. Exit Antonio. Pie. Alberto, I am kinde, Alberto, kinde. I am forie for thy couz, if aith I am. Goe, take him downe, and beare him to his father: 1590 Let him be buried, looke yee, He pay the priest. Alb. Please you to admit his father to the Court? Piero. No. Al. Please you to restore his lands & goods againe? Piero. No. Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the city? Pie. Gods fut, no, thou odde vnciuill fellow: I thinke you doe forget fir, where you are. Alb. I know you doe forget fir, where you must be. Foro. You are too malepert, if aith you are. 1600 Your honour might doe well to Alb. Peace Parasite, thou bur, that only sticks Vnto the nappe of greatnesse. Pie. Away with that fame yelping cur, away. Alb. I, I am gone: but marke, Piero, this. There is a thing cald scourging Nemesis. Exit Alb.

Bal. Gods neakes he has wrong, that he has: and S'fut, and I were as he, I would beare no coles, lawe I, I begin to fwell, puffe.

Piero

Pie. How now foole, fop, foole?

Foole, fop, foole? Marry muffe. I pray you, how manie fooles haue you feene goe in a fuite of Sattin? I hope yet, I doe not look a foole ifaith: a foole? Gods bores, I fcorn't with my heele. S'neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound a yeare more, I could fweare richly: nay, but as poore as I am, I will fweare the fellowe hath wrong.

Piero. Young Galeatzo? I, a proper man.

Florence, a goodly citie: it shall be so.

Ile marrie her to him instantly.

Then Genoa mine, by my Mariaes match,

Which Ile solemnize ere next setting Sun.

Thus Venice, Florence, Genoa, strongly leagu'd.

Excellent, excellent. Ile conquer Rome,

Pop out the light of bright religion:

And then, helter skelter, all cock sure.

Ba. Goe to, tis iust, the man hath wrong: go to.

Pie. Goe to, the ult, the man hath wrong: go to.

Pie. Goe to, thou shalt haue right. Go to Castilio,

Clap him into the Palace dungeon:

Lappe him in rags, and let him feede on slime

That fineares the dungeon cheeke. Away with him. Bal. In verie good truth now, Ile nere do fo more; this one time and

Pie. Away with him, observe it strictly, goe. Ba. Why then, ô wight, alas poore knight. O, welladay, sir Gefferey. Let Poets roare, And all deplore: for now I bid you god night. Exit Balurdo with Castilio.

Ma. O pittious end of loue: ô too too rude hand

Qf Of

1620

Of vnrespective death! Alas, sweete maide. 164 Pi. Forbear me heauen. What intend these plaints? Mar. The beautie of admir'd creation, The life of modelt vnmixt puritie, Our fexes glorie, Mellida is Pie. What? ô heauen, what? Ma. Deade. Pie. May it not fad your thoughts, how? Ma. Being laid vpon her bed, she graspt my had, And kiffing it, spake thus; Thou very pore, Why dost not weepe? The Iewell of thy browe, 165 The rich adornement, that inchac't thy breaft, Is lost: thy fon, my loue is lost, is deade. And doe I live to fay Antonio's deade? And haue I liu'd to fee his vertues blurd, With guiltlesse blots! O world thou art too subtile, For honest natures to converse withall-Therefore Ile leaue thee; farewell mart of woe, I fly to clip my loue, Antonio-With that her head funk down vpon her brest: Her cheeke chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest: 1660 Vntill my foole, that press'd vnto the bed, Screch't out so lowd, that he brought back her soule, Calde her againe, that her bright eyes gan ope, And starde vpon him: he audatious foole, Dar'd kisse her hand, wisht her soft rest, lou'd bride; She fumbled out, thanks good, and so she dide. Piero. And so she dide: I doe not vie to weepe: But by thy loue (out of whose fertile sweete,

I hope for as faire fruite) I am deepe fad:

H3

I

will not stay my mariage for all this.

Castilio Forobosco, all

Straine all your wits, winde vp inuention

Vnto his highest bent: to sweete this night,

Make vs drinke Lethe by your queint conceipts;

That for two daies, obliuion smother griese:

But when my daughters exequies approach,

Let's all turne sighers. Come, despisht of fate,

Sound lowdest musick, lets pase out in state.

¶ The Cornets sound. Exeunt.

SCENA QVARTA.

¶ Enter Antonio solus, in fooles habit

Ant. Heauen, thou maist, thou maist omnipotence. What vermine bred of putrifacted slime, Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees! O heauen; thou maist indeede: she was all thine, All heauenly, I did but humbly beg
To borrowe her of thee a little time.
Thou gau'st her me, as some weake breasted dame Giueth her infant, puts it out to nurse;
And when it once goes high-lone, takes it back. She was my vitall blood, and yet, and yet, Ile not blaspheame. Looke here, beholde,

Antonio puts off his cap, and lyeth inft upon his back. I turne my prostrate breast upon thy face, And vent a heaving sigh. O heare but this;

1670

IV. ii

1681

I am a poore poore Orphant; a weake, weak childe, The wrack of splitted fortune, the very Ouze, The quick fand that deuours all miserie. Beholde the valiant? It creature that doth breath. For all this, I dare liue, and I will liue, Onely to numme some others cursed bloode, With the dead palsie of like misery. Then death, like to a stifling Incubus, Lie on my bosome— Loe sir, I am sped. My breast is Golgotha, graue for the deade.

1700

SCENA QVINTA.

IF. 11 (cont.)

¶ Enter Pandulpho, Alberto, and a Page, carrying Feliches trunke in a winding sheete, and lay it twhatted Antonios breast.

Pan. ANTONIO, kisse my foote: I honour thee, 1710
In laying thwart my blood vpon thy breast.
I tell thee boy, he was Pandulphos sonne:
And I doe grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.
The dominering Monarch of the earth,
He who hath naught that fortunes gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his owne,
Hee whose great heart heauen can not force with
force,
Vouchsafes his loue. Non Seruio Deo, sed assentio.

H4

Ant-

Ant. I ha lost a good wife.

Pan. Didst finde her good, or didst thou make her

good?

If found, thou maist refinde, because thou hadst her. If made, the worke is lost: but thou that mad'st her Liu'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wise? Thrice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good, Faire, young, vnblemisht, constant, louing, chaste. I tell thee youth, age knows, yong loues seeme grac't, VVhich with gray cares, rude iarres, are oft defac't.

An. But shee was full of hope.

Pan. May be, may be: but that, which may be, stood, Stands now without all may; she died good. And dost thou grieue?

Alberto. I ha lost a true friend.

Pan. I live incompast with two blessed soules. Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a trew friend, ha? Two of the rarest lendings of the heavens: But lendings: which at the fixed day of pay Set downe by fate, thou must restore againe. O what vnconscionable soules are here? Are you all like the spoke-shaues of the Church? Haue you no mawe to restitution? Hast lost a true friend, cuz? then thou hadst one. I tell thee youth, tis all as difficult To finde true friend in this apostate age (That balkes all right affiance twixt two hearts) As tis to finde a fixed modest heart, Vnder a painted breast. Lost a true friend? O happie soule that lost him whilst he was true.

1750

1740

Be-

Beleeue it cuz, I to my teares haue found, Oft durts respect makes sirmer friends vnsounde.

Alb. You have lost a good sonne.

Pan. Why there's the cofort ont, that he was good:

Alas, poore innocent-

Alb. Why weepes mine vncle?

Pan. Ha, dost aske me why? ha? ha?

Good cuz, looke here.

He showes him his sonnes breast.

Man will breake out, despight Philosophie. Why, all this while I ha but plaid a part, Like to some boy, that actes a Tragedie, Speakes burly words, and raues out passion:

But, when he thinks vpon his infant weaknesse, He droopes his eye. I spake more then a god;

Yet am lesse then a man.

I am the miferablest fowle that breathes.

Antonio starts up.

Ant. S'lid, fir ye lye: by th'heart of griefe, thou lyest.

I fcorn't that any wretched should furuiue,

Outmounting me in that Superlatiue, Most miserable, most vnmatcht in woe:

Who dare assume that, but Antonio?

Pan. Wilt still be so? and shall you blood-hound live?

An. Haue I an arme, a heart, a fword, a fowle?

Alb. Were you but private vnto what we know

Pan. Ile knowe it all; first let's interre the dead: Let's dig his graue, with that shall dig the heart,

Liuer, and intrals of the murderer- (openeth.

They strike the stage with their daggers, and the grave 1780

A

Ant. Wilt fing a Dirge boy?

Pan. No, no fong: twill be vile out of tune.

Alb. Indeede he's hoarce: the poore boyes voice is crackt.

Pa. Why cuz? why shold it not be hoarce & crackt, When all the strings of natures symphony Are crackt, & iar? why should his voice keepe tune, When ther's no musick in the breast of man? Ile say an honest antick rime I haue;

1790

1800

(Helpe me good forrow-mates to giue him graue.)

They all helpe to carie Feliche to his grave.

Death, exile, plaints, and woe, Are but mans lackies, not his foe.

No mortall scapes from fortunes warre,

Without a wound, at least a scarre.

Many haue led these to the graue:

But all shall followe, none shall saue.

Bloode of my youth, rot and confume,

Virtue, in dirt, doth life assume:

With this ould fawe, close vp this dust;

Thrice bleffed man that dyeth iust.

An. The gloomie wing of night begins to stretch His lasie pinion ouer all the ayre:

We must be stiffe and steddie in resolue.

Let's thus our hands, our hearts, our armes involue.

They wreath their armes.

Pan. Now sweare we by this Gordian knot of loue, By the fresh turnd vp mould that wraps my sonne; By the deade browe of triple Hecate: Ere night shall close the lids of yon bright stars,

Weele

Weele fit as heavie on *Pieros* heart, As *AEtna* doth on groning *Pelorus*.

Ant. Thanks good old man.

Weele cast at royall chaunce.

Let's thinke a plot; then pell mell vengeance.

Exeunt, their armes wreathed.

¶ The Cornets Sounde for the Acte.

¶ The dumbe showe.

ACT. V. SCEN.I.

v. i

¶ Enter at one dore, Castilio and Forobosco, with halberts: 1820 foure Pages with terches: Luceo bare: Piero, Maria and Alberto, talking: Alberto drawes out his dagger, Maria her knife, ayming to menace the Duke. Then Galeatzo betwixt two Senators, reading a paper to them: at which, they all make semblance of loathing Piero, and knit their sists at him; two Ladies and Nutriche: all these goe softly ouer the Stage, whilst at the other doore enters the ghost of Andrugio, who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his heade in triumph. All forsake the Stage, Sauing Andrugio, who speaking, begins the 1830 Acte.

And. VENIT dies, tempúsque, quo reddat suis Animam squallentem sceleribus.

The fift of strenuous vengeance is clutcht, And sterne *Vindicta* towreth vp alost, That she may fal with a more waightie paise, And crush lives sap from out *Pieros* vaines.

Now

Now gins the leprous cores of vlcered fins Wheale to a heade: now is his fate growne mellow, Instant to fall into the rotten iawes Of chap-falne death. Now downe lookes prouidece, T'attend the last act of my sons reuenge. Be gratious, Observation, to our sceane: For now the plot vnites his scattred limbes Close in contracted bands. The Florence Prince (Drawne by firme notice of the Dukes black deeds) Is made a partner in conspiracie. The States of *Venice* are so swolne in hate Against the Duke, for his accursed deeds (Of which they are confirm'd by some odde letters 1850 Found in dead Strotzos studie, which had past Betwixt *Piero* and the murdring flaue) That they can scarce retaine from bursting foorth In plaine reuolt. O, now tryumphes my ghost; Exclaiming, heaven's just; for I shal see, The scourge of murder and impietie-Exit

SCENA SECVNDA. v. ii

Balurdo from under the Stage.

Bal. HOE, who's aboue there, hoe? A murren on all Prouerbes. They fay, hunger breakes tho-1860 rough stone walles; but I am as gant, as leane ribd famine: yet I can burst through no stone walles. O, now fir Gefferey, shewe thy valour, breake prison, and be hanged

hangd. Nor shall the darkest nooke of hell containe the discontented fir Balurdos ghost. Well, I am out well, I have put off the prison to put on the rope. poore shotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! hunger, how thou dominer'st in my guts! O, for a fat leg of Ewe mutton in stewde broth; or drunken song to feede on. I could belch rarely, for I am all winde. 1370 O colde, colde, colde, colde. O poore knight, ô poore fir Gefferey; fing like an Vnicorne, before thou dost dip thy horne in the water of death; o cold, ô fing, ô colde, ô poore fir Geffrey, fing, fing.

CANTAT.

SCENA TERTIA.

F. 11 (cont.)

I Enter Antonio and Alberto, at severall doores, their rapiers drawne, in their masking attyre.

Ant. TINDICT A.

1880

Ant. Alberto.

Alb. Antonio.

Ant. Hath the Duke supt?

Alb. Yes, and tryumphant reuels mount aloft-The Duke drinkes deepe to overflowe his griefe. The court is rackt to pleasure, each man straines To faine a iocund eye. The Florentine I 3

Ant.

Ant. Young Galeatzo?

Alb. Euen he is mightie on our part. The States of Venice 1890

¶ Enter Pandulpho running, in masking attyre.

Pan. Like high-fwoln floods, drive down the muddie dammes

Of pent allegeance. O, my lustie bloods, Heauen fits clapping of our enterprise. I haue beene labouring generall fauour firme, And I doe finde the citizens growne fick With fwallowing the bloodie crudities Of black Pieros acts; they faine would cast And vomit him from off their gouernement. Now is the plot of mischiefe ript wide ope: Letters are found twixt Strotzo and the Duke, So cleare apparent: yet more firmely strong

By fuiting circumstance; that as I walkt Muffled, to euef-drop speech, I might obserue The grauer States-men whispering fearefully.

Here one gives nods & hums, what he would fpeake:

The rumour's got 'mong troope of citizens, Making lowde murmur, with confused dinne:

One shakes his head, and fighes; O ill vs'd powre:

Another frets, and fets his grinding teeth,

Foaming with rage; and sweares this must not be. Here one complots, and on a fodgine starts,

And cries; ô monstrous, ô deepe villanie!

All knit there nerues, and from beneath fwoln brows

Appeares a gloting eye of much mislike: Whilst swart Pieros lips reake steame of wine,

Swal-

1900

Swallowes luft-thoughts, denours all pleafing hopes, With strong imagination of, what not? O, now Vindicta; that's the word we have: A royall vengeance, or a royall graue.

1910

1940

Ant. Vindicta.

Bal. I am acolde.

Pan. Who's there? fir Geffrey?

Ba- A poor knight, god wot: the nose of thy knighthoode is bitten off with cold. O poore fir Geffren, cold, cold.

Pan. What chance of fortune hath tript vp his heels, And laid him in the kennell? ha?

Alb. I will discourse it all. Poore honest soule, 1930 Hadst thou a beuer to clasp vp thy face, Thou shouldst affociate vs in masquery, And fee reuenge.

Ba. Nay, and you talke of reuenge, my stomack's vp, For I am most tyrannically hungry. A bener? I have a headpeece, a skull, a braine of proofe, I warrant yee.

Alb. Slinke to my chamber then, and tyre thee-

Bal. Is there a fire?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Is there a fat leg of Ewe mutton?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. And a cleane shirt? Alb. Yes. (garly, law. Exit Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically, & vnvul-

Ant. Resolved hearts, time curtals night, opportunity shakes vs his foretop. Steel your thoughts, sharp your resolue, imbolde your spirit, grasp your swords; alarum mischief, & with an vndated brow, out scout the grim opposition of 14

Of most menacing perill. (vp, Harke here, proud pomp shoots mounting tryumph Borne in lowde accents to the front of *Ioue*.

Pan. O now, he that wants fowle to kill a flaue, Let him die flaue, and rot in pefants graue. Ant. Giue me thy hand, and thine, most noble heart,

Thus will wee live, and, but thus, never part.

Exeunt twin'd together.

¶ Cornets sound a Cynet.

SCENA QVARTA.

V. iii

¶ Enter Castilio and Forobosco, two Pages with torches, Lucio bare, Piero and Maria, Galeatzo, two Senators and Nutriche.

¶ Piero to Maria.

Pie. SIt close vnto my breast, heart of my loue, Aduance thy drooping eyes.

Thy fonne is drownde.
Rich happinesse that such a sonne is drownde.
Thy husband's deade, life of my ioyes most blest,
In that the saplesse logge, that press thy bed
With an unpleasing waight, being lifted hence,
Euen I Piero, liue to warme his place.
I tell you, Ladie, had you view'd vs both,
With an unprtiall eye, when first we woo'd
Your maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,

1970

Tis

Tis firme I had: for, faire, I ha done that

Ma. Murder.

Pie. Which he would quake to have aduentur'd; Thou know'st I have.

Mari. Murdred my husband.

Pier. Borne out the shock of war, & done, what not, That valour durst. Do'st loue me fairest? fay.

Ma. As I doe hate my fon, I loue thy foule.

Pie- Why then Io to Hymen, mount a loftie note:

Fill red cheekt Bacchus, let Lycus flote
In burnisht gobblets. Force the plump lipt god,
Skip light lauoltaes in your full sapt vaines.
Tis well brim full. Euen I haue glut of blood:
Let quaffe carouse; I drinke this Burdeaux wine
Vnto the health of deade Andrugio,
Feliche, Strotzo, and Antonios ghosts.
Would I had some poyson to insuse it with;
That having done this honour to the dead,
I might send one to give them notice ont.

I might fend one to give them notice ont.

I would indeere my favour to the full.

Boy, fing alowd, make heavens vault to ring

With thy breaths strength. I drink. Now lowdly fing.

CANTAT.

¶ The fong ended, the Cornets found a Cynet.

SCENA QVINTA.

V. iii (cont.)

1980

1990

¶ Enter

¶ Enter Antonio, Pandulfo, and Alberto, in maskery, Balurdo, and a torc-hbearer.

Pie. CALL Iulio hither; where's the little fowle? 2000 I fawe him not to day. Here's fport alone For him, ifaith; for babes and fooles, I know,

Relish not substance, but applaud the showe.

To the conspirators as they stand in ranke for the measure-

To Antonio.

Gal. All blessed fortune crown your braue attempt, To Pandulpho.

I have a troope to fecond your attempt.

To Alberto.

2010

The Venice States ioyne hearts vnto your hands. Pie. By the delights in contemplation

Of comming ioyes, 'tis magnificent.

You grace my mariage eue with fumptuous pompe. Sound still, lowde musick. O, your breath giues grace To curious feete, that in proud measure pase.

Ant. Mother, is Iulios bodie

Ma. Speake not, doubt not; all is aboue all hope.

Ant. Then wil I daunce and whirle about the ayre.

Me thinks I am all fowle, all heart, all fpirit.

Now murder shall receive his ample merite.

I The measure.

While the measure is dauncing, Andrugios ghost is placed betwixt the musick houses.

Pie.

Pie. Bring hither fuckets, canded delicates. Weele taste some sweet meats, gallants, ere we sleep. Ant. Weele cooke your fweete meats, gallants, with tart fower fawce. And. Here will I fit, spectator of reuenge, And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe. 2030 The maskers whisper with Piero. Piero. Marry and shall; ifaith I were too rude, If I gainefaide so civill fashion. The maskers pray you to forbeare the roome, Till they have banqueted. Let it be fo: No man prefume to visite them, on death. The maskers whisper againe. Onely my felfe? O, why with all my heart. Ile fill your consort; here Piero sits: Come on, vnmaske, lets fall to 2040 The conspirators binde Piero, pluck out his tongue, and tryumph ouer him. Ant. Murder and torture: no prayers, no entreats. Pan- Weele spoyle your oratory. Out with his tong-Ant. I haue't Pandulpho: the vaines panting bleede, Trickling fresh goare about my fist. Bind fast; so, so. And. Blest be thy hand. I taste the loyes of heaven, Viewing my fonne tryumph in his blacke bloode. Bal. Downe to the dungeon with him, Ile duugeon with him; Ile foole you: fir Gefferey will be fir Geffrey. 2050 Ile tickle you. Ant. Beholde, black dogge. Pan. Grinst thou, thou snurling curre? Alb. Eate thy black liuer. Ant. To thine anguish see

K 2

A

A foole tryumphant in thy mifery.

Vex him Balurdo.

Pan. He weepes: now doe I glorifie my hands,

I had no vengeance, if I had no teares.

Ant. Fal to, good Duke. ô these are worthlesse cates, 2060 You have no stomack to them; looke, looke here:

Here lies a dish to feast thy fathers gorge.

Here's flesh and blood, which I am fure thou lou'st.

¶ Piero seemes to condole his sonne

Pan. Was he thy flesh, thy fon, thy dearest sonne?

Ant. So was Andrugio my dearest father.

Pan. So was Feliche my dearest sonne.

¶ Enter Maria.

Ma. So was Andrugio my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pittie in thy blood.

Pan. Remorfe was banisht, when thou slew'st my son.

Ma. When thou impoyfoned'st my louing Lord, Exilde was pietie.

An. Now, therefore, pittie, piety, remorfe, Be aliens to our thoughts: grim fier-ey'd rage

Possesse vs wholly.

Pan. Thy fon? true: and which is my most ioy, I hope no bastard, but thy very blood Thy true begotten, most legitimate And loued iffue: there's the comfort ont.

Ant. Scum of the mud of hell.

Alb. Slime of all filth.

Mar. Thou most detested toad.

Bal. Thou most retort and obtuse rascall.

Ant. Thus charge we death at thee: remember hel, And let the howling murmurs of black spirits,

The

The horrid torments of the damned Gholts Affright thy fowle, as it descendeth downe Into the intrals of the vgly deepe.

Pan. Sa, fa; no, let him die, and die, and stil be dying, 2090 I They offer to runne all at Piero, and on a sodain stop.

And yet not die, till he hath di'd and di'd

Ten thousand deathes in agonie of heart-

An. Now pel mell; thus the hand of heaven chokes The throate of murder. This for my fathers blood.

He stabs Piero.

Pan. This for my fonne. Alb. This for them all.

And this, and this; finke to the heart of hell.

They run all at Piero with their Rapiers.

Pan. Murder for murder, blood for blood doth yell. Andr. Tis done, and now my fowle shal sleep in rest.

Sons that reuenge their fathers blood, are bleft. The curtaines being drawne, Exit Andrugio.

SCENA SEXTA.

V. iii (cont.)

2110

¶ Enter Galeatzo, two Senators, Luceo, Forobosco, Castilio, and Ladies.

I. Sen. Anto. Pan.

· Alb.

HOSE hand presents this gory spe-Mine. No: mine.

No: mine.

K 3

Ant.

(ctacle?

Ant. I will not loose the glorie of the deede, Were all the tortures of the deepest hell Fixt to my limbs. I pearc't the monsters heart, With an vndaunted hand.

Pan. By you bright spangled front of heauen twas I: Twas I sluc't out his life bloode.

Alb. Tush, to say truth, twas all-

2. Sen. Bleft be you all, and may your honours liue Religiously helde facred, euen for euer and euer.

Gal. To Antonio. Thou art another Hercules to vs,

In ridding huge pollution from our State.

r. Sen. Antonio, beliefe is fortified,
With most inuincible approuemets of much wrong,
By this Piero to thee. We have found
Beadroles of mischiefe, plots of villany,
Laide twixt the Duke and Strotzo: which we found
Too firmely acted.

2. Sen. Alas poore Orphant.

An. Poore? standing tryumphant ouer Belzebub? 2130 Hauing large interest for blood; & yet deem'd poor?

1. Sen. What satisfaction outward pomp can yield, Or cheefest fortunes of the Venice state, Claime freely. You are well seasond props, And will not warpe, or leane to either part. Calamity gives man a steddy heart.

Ant- We are amaz'd at your benignitie:
But other vowes constraine another course.

Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more,
Wee would not liue to know: but since constraint
Of holy bands forceth vs keepe this lodge

Of

Of durts corruption, till dread power cals Our foules appearance, we will line inclor'd In holy verge of fome religious order, Most constant votaries.

The curtaines are drawne, Piero departeth.

Ant. First let's cleanse our hands,
Purge hearts of hatred, and intoumbe my loue:
Ouer whose hearse, lie weepe away my braine
In true affections teares.

For her fake, here I vowe a virgine bed.
She liues in me, with her my loue is deade.
2. Sen. We will attend her mournfull exequies,
Conduct you to your calme fequestred life,
And then

Maria. Leaue vs, to meditate on mifery; To fad our thought with contemplation Of past calamities. If any aske Where liues the widdowe of the poisoned Lord? Where lies the Orphant of a murdred father? 2160 Where lies the father of a butchered fon? Where liues all woe? conduct him to vs three; The downe-cast ruines of calamitie. And. Sound dolefull tunes, a folemne hymn advance, To close the last act of my vengeance: And when the subject of your passion's spent, Sing Mellida is deade, all hearts will relent, In fad condolement, at that heavie found, Neuer more woe in lesser plot was found. And, ô, if euer time create a Muse, 2170

That

That to th'immortall fame of virgine faith, Dares once engage his pen to write her death, Presenting it in some black Tragedie. May it proue gratious, may his stile be deckt With freshest bloomes of purest elegance; May it have gentle presence, and the Sceans suckt vp By calme attention of choyce audience: And when the closing Epilogue appeares, In stead of claps, may it obtaine but teares. CANTANT.

218

Exeunt omnes.

Antonij vindictæ.

FINIS.

